HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS;

OR,

TALES OF THE ROADSIDE,

PICKED UP IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

BY

A WALKING GENTLEMAN.

SECOND SERIES.

"I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and says, 'Tis all barren."
Sterne.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE PRIEST

AND

THE GARDE-DU-CORPS.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. ✱

CHAPTER XIV.

As they moved onwards, following the course of the Seine, along its southern side, the hum of the city gradually died away. They left the Hotel of the Invalids behind them towards the left, and passed parallel to the military school, and the *Champ de Mars*, where the *Pont de Jena* now stands, and opposite to the since projected site of the palace of the king of Rome. The night was dark, and the river was visible below them only by the light of the lamps which lined its banks, reflected deep into its bosom, and seeming a regular colonnade of brilliant pillars rising from the bottom of the stream. Cornelius was silent, for his mind was filled with thought, and he saw the necessity of clear consideration and

Cornelius started at the summons, but recollected instantly the purpose he had in mind, and with an unhesitating step he followed close upon his guide. They entered a cavity in the earth, almost wholly concealed by branching shrubs, and Armand having whispered some watch-word, a man dressed in black received them in silence, and motioned them to pass on. The passage was narrow and winding, dimly lighted at intervals by melancholy lamps, which shone on the dark walls, and shewed occasionally grim ornaments of skulls and bones. They penetrated far into one of those excavations which are formed all along the face of the hill, and which were originally intended for wine vaults, and most of them used as such. In the depth of one of these recesses, the society of the Illuminati held their secret meetings. Every thing which could impose on the minds of the weak, or rouse the imagination of the enthusiastic proselyte, was studied in the *decorations* of the cavern council-chamber and its approaches.

Dim lights, black hangings, scattered instruments of death, and mementoes of mortality were displayed in scanty and solemn arrangement. Armand led on followed by Cornelius, who felt no sentiment but contempt for the imposing mummery; but at length when they reached an opening space, which Armand announced as the anti-chamber of the council room, our hero started with horror, and felt his blood run chill as he observed three or four naked corpses lying on the floor, in the breast of each of which a dagger was stuck, while from each a stream of blood ran trickling.

Armand saw his emotion, and smiled. He felt a species of triumph in the momentary expression of alarm, which Cornelius's face displayed. But the latter construed his smile in a different sense. He thought he saw in it the rejoicing treachery of a murderous intention: He shrank back, and turned his head round with the view of flying from the place, when he observed two men dressed in black, with naked

swords in their hands, who had followed silently, and made retreat impossible. They said, with an encouraging expression of countenance, "fear nothing, citizen; this is but a preparation for the test of your courage and virtue."

"Do not hesitate, nor doubt me," whispered Armand: "be firm, or you are lost."

With these words he knocked at a door before them, and on his replying still in whispers to some questions from within, it opened, and he and Cornelius once admitted, it closed again, with a sudden sound, that was like the echoing sentence of eternal imprisonment.

Three men of fierce aspect sat at a table; their looks glanced wildly through their raven locks, and seemed to tell a story of ferocious thoughts and deeds. The chamber was, like the approaches to it, faintly lighted and sadly adorned. A book lay on the table, with writing materials Three or four daggers were its only other furniture, and their blades were steeped in blood.

A few rapid questions were proposed to Ar-

mand, as to the name, age and quality of the friend whom he thus introduced for admission to the society. These answered, and entered in the register, which lay on the table, Cornelius was asked if he was ready to give his first proof of his patriotism, his devotion to the cause of freedom, and his hatred of its foes. He answered in the affirmative; and then it was demanded of Armand whether he was willing to set the example to his friend of the deed which he would be called upon to perfom. Armand replied that he was, and on the word, a curtain was drawn, which disclosed a cave still darker than the other, from the undistinguishable depths of which low groans were heard to proceed. They became gradually louder, and finally a blood-stained couch was brought forward by two men, and on which lay bound another, writhing in apparent agony.

"Take the dagger, brother," said the president in a hollow, yet fierce tone. "Take the dagger, and strike the Aristocrat to the heart."

Armand seized the weapon, and advanced

towards the couch. The man who lay on it, and who seemed suffering uuder the infliction of torture, no sooner saw the uplifted weapon, than he uttered a shriek, which seemed to pierce Cornelius's heart, and screamed aloud for mercy!

"No mercy for the Aristocrat—no hope for the Royalist," cried Armand; "blood, blood, in the name of our country and our revenge!" and with the last word he struck the dagger full against the suppliant's breast. A stream of blood followed the weapon as he drew it back—a deeper groan issued from the body, and both executioner and victim were instantly concealed by the black curtain which fell between them and the witnesses of the deed.

Cornelius stood shocked with astonishment and horror. A few minutes of dreadful silence passed over, when the curtain was slowly raised, and the mute attendants carried forth a dead body, the poignard fast in its bleeding bosom. They passed the door, and Cornelius's heart sunk as he heard the dead weight of the corpse fall on the earthen floor.

The couch was again brought forward, and on it lay another man, apparently more exhausted or more firm than the first, for he only heaved heavy sighs, and but half turned his pallid face, and scarce open eyes, with indifference or insensibility on the scene.

"Now, citizen, take that dagger and rid the country of one enemy more, establishing your right to her gratitude, and our confidence. Take up the dagger," cried the president.

Cornelius in the abstraction of terror, seized the weapon—advanced as it were instinctively towards the couch—raised his arm while his brain reeled—but started in instantaneous recollection of the scene before him, and of the deed he was about to commit. The dagger was falling from his hand, when the prostrate man called to him in a smothered whisper, inaudible or unnoticed by the persons at the table, and the mute attendants, "strike fearlessly, Cornelius—it is I, Armand—there is no reality in your blow; I wear a corselet, and your dagger's blade runs up into its own hilt,—strike!"

A quick conviction flashed across Cornelius's mind. He saw that all was a hideous trick to try the nerves of the proselytes. He struck at the bosom of his pretended victim. The groan issued, and the blood flowed—and the curtain fell between him and the council-chamber.

Armand sprang upon his feet, and was with our hero hurried by the mutes into another room, where brilliant lights shewed a party of upwards of a hundred young men, carousing, eating, drinking, and enjoying themselves, in strange contrast to the frightful ordeal through which the uninitiated were made to pass. This mockery of blood and horror was used, as Cornelius had surmised, to prove the courage and desperation of those who wished for admittance. Those who had gone through the trial acted the part of the sacrificed Aristocrats. Dead bodies were procured from the hospitals and burial grounds, and danger to the actors avoided by spring daggers, and concealed breast-plates, while bladders containing blood were made to burst by the harmless blows.

After these initiatory horrors, which many of the highly excited youths would, in that hey-day of republican frenzy, have gloried in had they been real, the newly admitted member was all at once introduced into the scene of festive enjoyment before described. Beyond that there was nothing terrible. An oath of patriotism and secresy, a signal communicated, and a certain sum deposited to aid the general fund,—and all the ceremonies of installation were completed.

Cornelius went through all, and retired with Armand, who excused his not having communicated the unreal nature of the ceremonies to his companion on the plea of his oath of secrecy. Cornelius admitted the excuse; and before morning he reached Paris, bearing a certificate of his civism, and consequent safety, and his head still troubled with bewildering doubts of the truth of what had passed.

From this night, in which he was nominally enrolled in the list of the Jacobins, and admitted into the fellowship of their most celebrated sect, our hero became, to all appearance, one of

the most furious of that faction. Introduced by Armand into the clubs, and other assemblies of the patriots, he was considered a zealous convert to their cause. He joined the national guard, and was appointed to a command in one of the sections of the city. In these capacities he had frequent opportunities of serving the queen, and the indulgence of an occasional admission to her presence, which he could not otherwise have obtained. He has often stood for hours of duty, firmly yet temperately protecting her in her own palace from the insults of his rabble associates. He many a time volunteered the duty of guard upon her, and in his capacity of officer he has procured her frequent private interviews with the king, in the dark and secret corridor behind her apartments; and more than once it fell to his lot to watch at the open door of her bed-room for a whole night, pursuant to the brutal orders given him, and to alleviate the indignities she was exposed to, by his delicate respect, and his ardent assurances of support and assistance.

The dreary winter of 1791 thus passed over,

and the hopes of the royalists sunk every day lower. Scenes of the most affecting nature continually took place between the king and queen. He shewed a wonderful mixture of occasional courage with habitual weakness, at times rising to a great degree of energy and spirit, and once sinking so low as to remain ten whole days without uttering a single word. The people hurried on the frantic course in which they were piloted by a few all powerful villains, and the only wonder appears to be the long delays which retarded the consummation of their criminal career.

The formation of the military and the civil household of the king accumulated the emigrations to such an extent, that he was almost wholly bereft of his friends, but few having courage to outstay a measure which did not leave him a single member of the nobility in his service. He felt this deeply; but the queen looked on her growing distresses with a complacency and a courage that seemed more than human. She still attended assiduously to the care of her chil-

dren, and never neglected the duties of her religion. In one of its material offices she was mainly assisted by the intervention of Cornelius, and the aid of his friend, our worthy priest; for the latter was the clergyman, who, clandestinely introduced into the palace chapel by our hero on Easter morning long before the dawn appeared, officiated in the holy mysteries which she that day devoutly joined in.

The 20th of June came on—that great forerunner of the more decisive 10th of August. On the former of these days, when the sections of Paris, headed by Santerre, defiled through the halls of the palace, and for hours held their royal prisoners in a state of torturing uncertainty worse than actual death, our hero was among the ranks of the national guard; and, true to his object, the service of the queen, he stood close by her side in the council chamber, beyond which she could not penetrate in her efforts to get near to the king. Her distress at being thus separated from him in his danger was excessive; and, at the very moment when he was displaying an

unwonted share of courage, and putting the soldier's hand upon his breast to prove that it beat calmly, she, upon hearing that Madame Elizabeth had personated her when the rabble called for her, and was then with the king, exclaimed, "My sister with him! She, then, serves for the rampart which my body should form! Let me, too, join him, and, if necessary, die in his defence!"

But the rush of the crowd prevented all approach, and she sat down beside a table, on which she held the Dauphin sitting before her; while his sister occupied a chair close to her royal mother.

Cornelius at this moment presented her with a tri-coloured cockade, in the double view of furthering her safety by making her bear the badge of patriotism, and of displaying to the fierce horde around him his assumed republicanism. She placed the cockade upon her head; and the Dauphin, like his father, in another chamber, wore on his the greasy *bonnet rouge* of a votary

of the bloody freedom which it was meant to symbolize. To these compliances with the popular feeling the lives of the royal party were probably owing, on that occasion.

From this day hope lay dead; and the 10th of August came on, to make, as it were, its very memory extinct. It is needless to dwell on the heart-rending scenes of that dreadful day. All that can be imagined of the mental sufferings of her whose feelings it is my more particular object to depict, must fall short of their reality; and, as to *him*, the hero of my tale, enough has been said to let the reader judge of the terrible violence of his emotion, in a crisis which must have driven it to its greatest possible excess. The accustomed fatality awaited this day on every measure taken by the king, when opposed to the queen's courage and acute perception of events. Had the royal family remained in the palace of the Tuileries, there is but little doubt but it would have resisted the attack; for many of the national guards, and most of the sections,

were disposed to defend the king. When the morning dawned, after a night of terrible preparation, the king, the queen, and Madame Elizabeth went down into the court-yard, to revive, by their presence, the drooping loyalty of the majority of the national guards. It was there the heroic Marie Antoinette displayed the daring energy of her mind, in bravely haranguing the faltering troops, and urging them to their duty. Cornelius was in the ranks, and he abetted her efforts to the last, shouting *Vive le Roi, et la Reine*, until the faint echoings of the voices which repeated his cry were lost in the mournful silence preserved by the greater number of the troops. The preparation for the attack proceeded rapidly, when the tardy deputation from the National Assembly, inviting the king to take refuge with his family in their protection, was received by the queen with the memorable expression, "I would sooner be nailed to these walls!" But the strong representations of Rœderer, the messenger from the

Assembly, and the inclination of the king, prevailed over her repugnance, and she consented to the proposal. The royal family accordingly took their way across the gardens to the Hall of the Assembly: the palace was attacked, and desolation and carnage covered with their black and bloody wings the fall of the French monarchy.

From that period till the judicial murder of the king, Cornelius lived in a state of continued agitation and suffering. He never saw the queen, finding all his efforts vain to gain admittance to the Temple where she was confined, without incurring suspicion, the consequence of which, in those times, was almost certain death. He was, however, indefatigable in efforts to serve her cause in every possible way. He assumed an exaggerated air of Jacobinism in his deportment and opinions, by which he gained a considerable share of influence in his section, and he was thus enabled, in concert with others of the king's friends, to bring about many alle-

viations to the deplorable state of him and his hapless family. He entered into a strict intercourse and correspondence with all those likely to give a hope of relief, either externally or in France, and he thus aided, at a thousand risks, to foster in himself and others false hopes, which added tenfold to the shock of the calamitous result.

Cornelius had an additional source of anxiety in Father O'Collogan, who was forced to quit Versailles from the violence of the persecutions to which all the clergy were subjected, and took refuge in disguise under the very roof of Cornelius's lodging. Many privations on the part of the priest, and stratagems on his friend's, were necessary to elude the vigilant eye of the jacobin police; but, by a rigid attention to Cornelius's suggestions and by the good luck which leads some men with safety through perils which threaten inevitable ruin, Father O'Collogan escaped unharmed through the "Reign of Terror."

The king was at length removed from his prison to the scaffold, having displayed through lingering months a wonderful continuance of passive courage, resignation, benevolence, and dignified humility. His widowed queen had her cup of misery full; but her brutal tyrants found the means to make it overflow. Terror for her children's safety was every hour on the stretch, racking her heart with the anguish of anticipated ill; and the saint-like devotedness of her fellow-sufferer and more than sister, Madame Elizabeth, added new pangs on her account. Every thought was now turned on flight, and every energy of mind was called into action on the part of those who wished to snatch the sufferers from their impending fate. Numerous plans were formed, but abandoned from various obstacles which made them evidently impracticable. One only wore the promise of success, and in that one our hero was a chief actor.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S ... THE TANJORE * MAHAL.

CHAPTER XV.

CORNELIUS at length succeeded in getting himself appointed one of the municipal officers, whose duty it was to guard the royal prisoners. For some months after the king's death, he occupied this post with great caution; and, by well-feigned zeal in the discharge of its duties, he completely avoided all suspicion of his devotion to her over whom he was expected to tyrannize. He sounded deeply, but prudently, the hearts of his fellow officers; and, after long consideration of their respective characters and conduct, he found that he could safely trust two of them with the design he had in view. He accordingly, by gradual means, prepared those men, Toulan and Lepitre, for the confidence he

reposed in them; and having communicated every thing to the queen, he found it essential that he should yield up the chequered happiness of seeing her, and pouring into her grateful ear his vows of deep respect and energetic loyalty. It was necessary for the external preparations for escape, that he should, for some time preceding the attempt, abandon his right of guard; and he accordingly made it over to his two associates, devoting himself entirely to the hazardous duties without. The Chevalier de Jarjaye, a lieutenant-general in the king's service, and who had been frequently employed by him in missions of great delicacy and importance, was chosen by the queen as the chief co-operator in the projected attempt. The plan was laid before him, approved of, and entered into with the promptness and activity which ensure success in most enterprizes where Fate stands neuter. Normandy was fixed on as the point of escape, from the facility afforded by its coast for embarkation for England. A ship was hired to be

in readiness in one of its ports, and measures taken to secure relays of horses all along the road. Considerable expenses were incurred; but funds were not wanting, and our hero's contribution was not a small one. The details of the plan were as follow :—

The Queen, and Madame Elizabeth, were to have been dressed in men's clothes, which were brought secretly into the Temple by the two associate commissaries. The royal sisters were to have been then decorated with tri-coloured scarfs, and furnished with tickets such as were borne by the municipal officers. The young king and his sister were to have been disguised in dresses similar to those of the children of the man who every day assisted to clean and arrange the lamps, and who always left the Temple before seven o'clock in the evening. On the evening destined for the attempt, after this man had retired, and the sentinels who had seen him go out were relieved on their posts, Cornelius was to have entered the tower, disguised like him,

and furnished with a ticket for admittance, such as was used by all the workmen employed in the Temple. He was to have proceeded to the queen's apartment, his tin box on his arm, and to have taken the children from the hands of Toulan, who was to have scolded him severely, for not having come himself sooner to arrange the lamps. The princesses were then to accompany Toulan in quitting the tower, in their uniforms, and it was trusted that they might succeed in the hazardous attempt.

Passports under feigned names having been regularly procured, through the influence of Cornelius, but little fear of pursuit was entertained, until they should have at least the start of it by five or six hours. Three cabriolets were ready provided for the journey. The queen, the young king, and the Chevalier de Jarjaye, were to have occupied the first; Madame, with Lepitre, the second; Madame Elizabeth and Toulan, the third. Cornelius, and a staunch friend of the chevalier's, were to have ridden as postilions

to two of the cabriolets; and the third was to have been guided by Father O'Collogan under a similar disguise, for his early pursuits in life, as well as his military career, had made him an active and expert horseman.

Every preliminary being thus ready—the cabriolets in attendance—the different agents in the enterprise disguised in their various costumes, and the resolution of all wound up to the highest pitch, one fatal coincidence frustrated all, before a fair trial could be given for the success of so well-concerted a train of preparation. On the very day, the night of which was to put all to issue, a burst of insurrectionary violence displayed itself among the mob, who rose in various quarters of the city, for the avowed purpose of pillaging the grocers' shops of coffee and sugar, the scarcity of which commodities had raised their price beyond the standard of the people's ideas of justice, or their own convenience, which latter, as usual, regulated their estimate of the former. Prompt measures were

taken by the government to quell these riots. The barriers were all closed—all passports were, without exception, recalled—difficulties to the slightest movement towards escape became insurmountable, and the intended enterprise was consequently totally abandoned.

The hopes of Cornelius and his friends did not wholly sink with this failure. His sanguine disposition supported him, and he would not consent to despair. But he was now left nearly alone. Terror had seized upon almost all those few adherents who had braved the dangers of the times, and remained in Paris after the king's death. The Chevalier de Jarjaye was one of those staunch friends whom nothing could daunt; and another existed in the person of the brave and faithful Father O'Collogan. He had not, however, from the first, the least hope of success in the plans for escape. He was determined to go through in all hazards with the proceedings of his friend; but he told him, as he coolly drew off the jack-boots in which he had been accou-

tred for his ride in the capacity of postilion, "I knew well enough, agrah, that sorrow's the one of these boots would cross the back of a horse in this attempt, any how. No, no, the devil's too busy to let any good come of the unfortunate queen. He has an ould spite against her, and you'll see every plan thwarted, depend upon it. But I'll stick close by you, my dear boy, never fear, though Ould Nick himself was to come between us. The darker the storm, the boulder I'll frown at it; so go on with your plans and plots, and here's that you may win!" With these words he quaffed off a large glass of brandy and water, for the night was cold, and he stiff with watching, and the annoyance of his tight-fitting costume.

Cornelius, nothing daunted, pursued with fresh vigour a new plan for the queen's escape, in which he embarked almost every shilling of his remaining funds. In this effort he was assisted by several of his former associates in the Garde du Corps; a regular chain of communica-

tion was carried on by their means with the coast; and the gallant de Jarjaye was the counsel and support of the whole. For the success of this effort, it was necessary that the queen should escape alone, for it was found impossible, in the increasing rigour of the prison regulations, to carry off at the same time Madame Elizabeth and the children. De Jarjaye and our hero wrote in terms of the most impassioned supplication to the queen, entreating her to adopt this plan, as her life was every day menaced, and no fear was to be apprehended, as they thought, for her unoffending sister or the innocent children. Marie Antoinette suffered a long struggle between her conflicting feelings on this arduous and trying question. The preparations for escape were carried on by her indefatigable adherents; but the night on which the attempt was to have been made, when the anxious Cornelius watched outside the Temple gardens for the signal of her readiness, a light in her window,—no lamp appeared: as the mo-

ment of separation from her children drew near she could not consent; and all the daring of the heroine sunk before the tenderness of the mother.

The following letter to de Jarjaye was received by the faithful Toulan, from the hand which he had been prepared to lead through the dangerous track of the prison bounds.

"We have indulged in a bright dream—that is all! but I have been deeply gratified in finding on this occasion a new proof of the devotion of yourself and your friends. You have my unbounded confidence. You must not suppose that my courage has failed; my feelings for my children have alone made me waver; happy as I should be in freedom from this horrid place, I cannot separate myself from them; away from them I could have no enjoyment, even in liberty; and this conviction leaves me without a single regret."

On the night of the third July, 1793, her son was forced from her arms, to commence his lingering death of sufferings and persecutions,

from which the memory recoils. In a month more, the desolate mother was taken from her daughter and sister, and plunged forlorn and unsolaced into the narrow dungeon of the Conciergerie. There she lay for ten weeks, amidst all the dreary privations heaped on the most odious criminals; the stone floor and the bare walls of her narrow cell receiving her bitter tears, and echoing the sighs of her brave but breaking heart. Bowed down by indignities that had no name till she endured them; bereft of the meanest consolations; torn with anxiety for the uncertain fate of her children, hopeless, agonized—did her thoughts ever fly back to her days of splendid greatness, to the magnificence of Versailles, or the more voluptuous elegance of the Trianon? or were the weary hours of this lone dungeon brightened by visions of immortality, and cheered by the whispered melodies of hope?

But those who would follow up the picture, who would indulge in the full flow of deep-felt

thoughts; who would learn to scorn the little miseries of life, and who, having understood the character of Marie Antoinette, would quench the glow of their admiration in tears of bitter sympathy with her sufferings,—those must do as I have done, and linger long in the dungeon where she laid her hapless head.

On the 12th October, she underwent a midnight examination in her cell, by the public accuser, and other officers of *justice*. The 14th was fixed for her trial by the revolutionary tribunal, and on the preceding day, this daughter, wife, and mother of kings, procured from the kind-hearted wife of the jailor, a needle and thread wherewith to mend her shoes!

She appeared before the court of blood, and heard the depositions of forty witnesses against her, and answered the deep and odious calumnies of her accusers, in words of dignity and feeling, which made the guilty shrink, and sent a thrill of wondering pity through every heart not wholly petrified. She heard her sentence of death pro-

nounced by the gloomy president, without the least emotion; and then received from the hands of a trembling gendarme a glass of water, her only sustenance for six-and-thirty hours. At half past four o'clock on the morning of the 15th, she was re-conducted to her cell, where she flung herself upon her bed, and slept soundly until six, when she was roused by the entrance of the constitutional priest, who was ordered to attend her.

She at first refused his proffered spiritual aid; and on her complaining of the violent cold in her feet, to which the stagnant blood refused to circulate, he placed a pillow on them; and then commencing his official harangue exclaimed—

"Your death is about to expiate"—

"Faults but not crimes!" interrupted she.

On the next morning, all being ready for her drear farewell of the world, where she had so much enjoyed, and so much suffered, she left her dungeon, and mounted with the priest the common cart used for the conveyance of the

basest criminals. Every grand and lofty feeling of her whole life seemed to have rushed back in supernatural tide, to elevate and ennoble her appearance in that dreadful hour. As the cart was slowly dragged along through the crowded streets, from the thronged infamy of which revellings, hootings, and curses thickened the air, the lovely though decayed, the majestic though degraded martyr, held her high look of blended innocence and pride. They reached the scaffold, erected in the Place de Louis XV. then called the *Place de la Revolution*, on the spot where her husband had been sacrificed, and in full view of all that is magnificent and beautiful in Paris. It was a fitting death-spot for the glorious woman immolated there that day.

At the moment of mounting from the cart upon the scaffold, the officiating and officious priest said to her, "now is the moment to shew your courage."

"Courage!" replied she; "I have served a long apprenticeship to it; be convinced it will not fail me now."

She mounted the platform firmly, threw one glance towards the gardens of the Tuileries, another on the crowd before her, then raising her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed—

"God! enlighten and soften the hearts of my murderers; adieu, my children, I go to join your father!"

The axe came down, and its echo sounded solemnly through the hushed multitude.

On one of the throng it fell like the dead hand of despair. Let not my readers start back, when they hear that Cornelius was there. It is true he was, but not as I have sketched him in the pages which have faintly traced his brief and unfortunate career. It was no longer the bold, ardent enthusiast, with mind and heart both ready to rush into the open jaws of fate; but a worn down man, fallen ere he reached his prime, under the weight of passions and feelings so strong as prematurely to destroy both the mind and body.

From the hour in which his last effort for the queen's rescue failed, the flame of hope which

had lighted him on seemed suddenly extinct. His funds all gone—his friends dispersed—with his sole arm to aid his wishes or execute his plans, no more was to be done. He yielded to the paralyzing stroke of destiny, and drooped from that hour, like a young tree scathed by the lightning's breath of flame; and the only capacity of his mind seemed to be for suffering and decay.

It was now the turn of the kind-hearted priest to support the expiring animation of his friend. He watched on him, and kept a guard upon actions of which Cornelius was now unheedful; and he succeeded in concealing from all observers the malady which preyed on the ruined youth. All the functions of Cornelius's mind were perfect, though its energy was lost for ever; and he sometimes even felt that heavy sense of ill, and would have given worlds to shake it off, with the acuteness with which we feel, and the hopelessness with which we strive to burst from the terrors of a dream. He could still endure, and had a passive knowledge

of all he suffered; and there was a bitter agony in his state of mind which led him to brave the horrors he contemplated. The one strong impulse of his heart was still alive, and he knew and followed with his mind's dying glance every movement that was linked to the fate of his idol. He knew of her removal to the dungeon of the Conciergerie. He has often for the live-long night lingered listlessly outside its gloomy walls, or paced the river's bank, looking at the reflection of its dark towers within the stream; and he has for days entire poured out in the solitude of his chamber reiterated sighs for *her* sufferings, which might have been thought to weigh down the oppressed air.

The day of her trial came on, he attended it throughout; and he listened to her sentence of death, feeling every tone in the recesses of his heart, but unable to raise his voice or lift his arm to execrate the crime or strike down the criminal.

It was this desperate state of sensation which irresistibly prompted him to witness her execu-

tion. He had resolution enough left to bear him up through the harrowing scene; but he had lost the whole force of character which would before have driven him mad at the very surmise of the terrible event; and when his inseparable attendant, the good priest, watched him and held him closely, as the axe severed her beauteous head from her emaciated body, he marked the shudder which crept through Cornelius's frame, but saw no expression in his looks to tell that the chill of agony, nearly as cold as that of death, had frozen every fibre.

"It is all over," murmured Cornelius in a sepulchral tone, which spoke like the echo of the grave,—"now is my hour of preparation come!"

Seizing the arm of the priest with a grasp of nervous agitation, he hurried on to their common lodging, and he then in abrupt and broken sentences announced his inflexible resolution to go immediately to Ireland; to visit the home of his ancestors; to bend over his father's grave; and then ——, but the expression of his

final purpose did not pass his pale and trembling lips. He pressed his companion to accompany him, to fly for ever from the hateful land which virtue and hope seemed to have abandoned, and to take up his quiet abode in the country of his birth, where the vices which prevail are those of men, not fiends; and in which all the counterbalancing charities of life abound in a profusion that scarcely elsewhere exists. But Father O'Collogan firmly declined his entreaties. He agreed to accompany him to the sea coast, and to put him on board the vessel which was to carry him away from the field of his lost fortune and his ruined happiness: but dearly as he loved Ireland, and much as he longed to be there again, he would not consent to abandon France. His duty kept him there, he said, and he felt his assertion to be true; and he solemnly vowed to devote himself to the task of reclaiming the guilty through all dangers, and solacing the innocent in all sufferings.

I must not clog the fainting interest of my story with details of the methods used by the

friends to effect their several purposes. They succeeded in them however; and Father O'Collogan followed with his streaming eyes the little vessel which bore Cornelius to his native land once more, in spite of all the difficulties opposed to national intercourse and individual escape.

Father O'Collogan returned to Paris, and there with unflinching courage maintained his sublime devotion to his sense of right, and had his reward for innumerable dangers and anxieties, in the secret prayers of the just whom he solaced in hours of sorrow, and in the gratitude of the sinners to whom he ministered comfort in the moments of death-bed repentance. He finally, at the restoration of order, took his course to Flanders, to the town where I met him; and there, in the humble exercise of his duty, he was fixed, and still remains, I believe, having safely passed the scorching ordeal of the revolution, unharmed by its perils and untainted by its crimes. He there learned the fate of the lost Armand, who fled from Paris after one of its bloody days in a paroxysm of remorse, joined

the army of Dumourier, and found on the field of Gemappe a grave too glorious for his renegade fears and imbecile kindliness of heart.

Cornelius—and here let my pen run quickly, that a hurried paragraph may record his fate, while a deep sigh stifles the anticipated reproaches of those who can stop to censure him. He reached his ancient home, where his faithful Bryan waited anxiously the return he had announced. He was barely recognized,—no more, by this shocked and terrified friend; he was so wan, so silent, and so weak. He paid a short visit immediately on his arrival to the burial ground; and he returned to the lone house in a state of great exhaustion. It was evening, and he ordered Bryan to leave him; and he strictly forbade every boisterous expression of welcome which the delighted peasantry were preparing, to hail the return of him who was no more their chief. His devoted followers obeyed his orders, and countermanded all the preparations for bonfires and other marks of greeting, which Bryan himself had undertaken. For hours

a dim light flickered in the chamber where Cornelius sat, and a desolate silence reigned throughout. About midnight, Bryan was walking in lonely wonderment and grief outside the house, and gazing up at intervals at the faintly lighted casement of his master's room, when he heard the report of a pistol coming from that direction. He was rivetted to the spot with dread; but a wide bursting flame, which seemed to fill the room, made him spring from his attitude of terror, and he rushed into the house and up the stairs. The flames were rushing out under the door of Cornelius's room, which Bryan vainly endeavoured in his terror to force open. The neighbouring peasants, alarmed by the spreading fire, came at length to his aid; and when they succeeded in breaking the pannels, and entered the chamber, such had been the ravages of the fierce element, that the body of the hapless suicide was more than half consumed in the heap of combustible matter which he had drawn around him and set fire to. A pistol was held firm in one deep-scorched hand; and a half

burnt portrait lay clasped in the other on his breast.

A considerate jury found a verdict of insanity; and his bones were laid in honorable sepulture with those of his ancient race.

Bryan Mulcahie, if the priest was right, lived sadly and lonely in the blackened and crumbling walls of the old mansion, at the time I learned this story; and he was sure for life of that refuge, for his attached master secured it to him by will, and added a scanty but still sufficient provision, formed of all the little residue of his fortune.

END OF THE PRIEST AND THE GARDE-DU-CORPS.

THE

VOUÉE AU BLANC.

White she is, as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven.

He kissed the consecrated maid.

WORDSWORTH.

APOLOGETICAL NOTE.

A word of apology and explanation is due here, not so much to my English readers (who would perhaps pardon, unsolicited, a little liberty taken with a foreign language,) as to a body much more critical and tenacious—the French Academy. Any one of the strict grammarians of The Institute who might happen to see the title of this tale, would be, no doubt, indignant at a foreigner having presumed to invent a word for which the Dictionary gives no authority. There is certainly no such substantive at *Vouée*, nor does the verb admit of such a formation. The only way in which a French writer could construct a title correctly, saying what I meant to express by mine, would be by the phrase, "L'Enfant Voué au Blanc," "La fille Vouée au Blanc," or some such. But as neither the

word *enfant* nor *fille* assorted well with my notion, and as I was resolved that my title page should tell that my heroine was *Vouée au Blanc*, I thought the particle *The* put before those words would make my meaning evident; would avoid the awkward *calembourg* formed by "*La* Vouée au Blanc," (rather at variance to be sure with the livery of the gentlemen of the long robe;) and more particularly still, that my title being thus an acknowledged jumble of English and bad French, it might find pardon where a more pretending inaccuracy could not have escaped.

THE

VOUÉE AU BLANC.

CHAPTER I.

"You are always so desponding, Jules!"

"No, indeed, my dear Marguerite, it is you who are too sanguine."

"Too sanguine! well, I do not and cannot bring myself to give up all hope."

"I know you can't, my dear, and if it comforts you, hope on in God's name."

"Why now, wasn't there Madame St. Paul after fifteen years, and four other instances, after eight, ten, and a dozen; to say nothing of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., after twenty-three years?"

"How old was Madame St. Paul, my dear Marguerite?"

"How old!"

"Well, how *young*, if you like the word better?"

"Why she acknowledged to thirty-five, but I am sure she was full forty, aye, and past it."

"And what's the date of your christening certificate, Marguerite?"

"That's the way you invariably taunt me, Jules, but I don't care if I had been christened half a century back."

"It was not much less, my dear."

"Even so, St. Ursula is good, and can work a miracle when she pleases; but indeed, Jules, your unfortunate incredulity mars the effect of all my prayers, and the saint's interference."

A shake of the head, with a deep sigh, were the only answers; and here ended the conversation for awhile. The speakers were Mr. Suberville, a wealthy manufacturer of Normandy, and his wife. The tenor of their short dis-

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course may possibly have led my readers into the nature of its subject, and of their respective characters. But a word or two on the latter point is perhaps necessary for a full understanding of the first. Mr. Suberville was a man of exceedingly mild manners and amiable disposition, whose most striking faculty was a certain tact at seeing things with great clearness and precision. He had a particular keenness of eye, intellectual as well as physical, and there was a strict analogy between his mental and bodily pursuits. He was a great sportsman and a sure shot; but he was rarely known to pull his trigger at a bird that was out of range. In the same way he was indefatigable in his commercial pursuits; but he scarcely ever undertook a hazardous speculation. His game-bag and his money-bag were therefore always respectably filled. At the long run he was sure to realise more than many of his neighbours, who might surpass him perhaps for one successful

day, or in one particular venture, by dashing at every thing and risking to miss all.

His wife was of a very different temperament. Her hopes were in many instances excessive, and she clung to them with unflinching pertinacity. She seldom had a clear view of any subject, but she pursued through thick and thin whatever phantom might for the time being flit before her brain. She had one strong passion in common with her husband; that was a longing desire for children—or at least for a child. She was quite certain, on her marriage, that she should be the mother of a numerous offspring; and she had scarcely forsworn her celibacy, when she began to occupy herself in preparation for a family increase; and she only gazed on her bridal robes to project their various transformations into baby linen and child's dresses.

Mr. Suberville thought that all this was rather premature; but having no sort of super-

stition in his character, he did not actually augur ill from these somewhat ominous anticipations; and his tenderness increased tenfold. He felt and revelled in all that delightful wonderment which men of five-and-twenty experience, on the first hopes that they are about to be invested with the most respectable of all titles; and these hopes were all strongly encouraged by the opinion of his old friend and former school-fellow Doctor Glautte, the village practitioner; and not being more profoundly versed than new-married men generally are in such secrets, he took for granted all that his lady and her physician asserted.

But his natural acuteness of perception soon began to take the alarm—he could not help hinting to his wife the doubts that used to cross him in spite of himself; and he went on day after day, and month after month, increasingly incredulous, till, at the expiration of a year, his discomfited helpmate was forced to acknowledge her mistake, and to give vent to her disappointment in tears. Mr. Suberville thought that was

a bad way of remedying the evil; but at the end of five years of married disappointment, the unlucky husband, then thirty years of age, sat down in the sad but philosophic conviction, that he was not destined to be the founder of a new race.

Not so his better half—she lingered on for many a long day in all the wretched excitation of hope deferred Having exhausted the aids of medical advice, she took to a species of assistance less in fashion at the epoch. She had, when a child, in accordance with Roman Catholic custom, made voluntary choice of Saint Ursula, for her patron and example through life; and in pious hope of her holy assistance she went on secretly praying, and loudly declaring her certainty of success. This alliance with religion continued uninterrupted for fifteen years after the period of her husband's abandonment of hope, until the day of the conversation before recorded; and Madame Suberville, having then arrived at the twentieth anniversary

of her marriage, was as firmly as ever persuaded of the great chance of St. Ursula's interference in her behalf, to which she thought little bar existed but in the obstinate scepticism of her husband.

The evening on which this story opens was one in the latter part of 1798; and Mr. and Madame Suberville were at that time taking their wonted after-dinner walk in the valley in which his manufactory and his dwelling house stood. They seldom wandered beyond the precincts of their own property, and it was little wonderful that that should content them, for in the whole province there was not a spot more beautiful and sequestered. It was situated a few miles from Rouen, far down on the left hand of the road leading to Dieppe. In my irregular and perhaps somewhat romantic style of noting down out-of-the-way places, I have called the spot in my journal "La Vallée des trois Villages;" The Vale of the three Villages. It was thus the peasants designated it, when it first

spread out before me, as I stood on the wooded hill rising high above it to the westward, and gazed on its combinations of great loveliness. I was afterwards informed of its more correct appellation, but I quite forget it at this moment—and as I have said on a former occasion, I do not pretend to much accuracy of geographical detail.

The period of my first acquaintance with this valley was nearly twenty years after that of Mr. and Madame Suberville's before-mentioned walk; but I have good reason to believe that not one of its features was in the least changed during that long interval. Its three neat villages, or rather hamlets, retained nearly the same proportions. Its half dozen large cotton manufactories, from careful repairs of accidents, and oft renewed coats of white-wash, shewed not one symptom of decay. As many houses, occupied by the proprietors, built of brick, and regularly reddened at stated epochs, looked (like painted ladies when past their meridian) but little the

worse for the wear and tear of time. The full-grown trees defied the advance of a quarter of a century. The blades of grass sprang up in the twentieth generation, as green as their predecessors, and so unaltered as to read a lesson on the mutability of mankind. The pieces of cotton cloth spread out on the lawns, might be supposed to have lain bleaching there unchanged for the whole period in question; and the sweet stream glided along as gaily and brightly as was natural to its perpetual and ever-springing youth. The same air of bustling population and comfortable cleanliness was, no doubt, observable in the place since the earliest establishment of the manufactories, and was unquestionably very delightful to those who think these advantages cheaply purchased by the loss of rustic simplicity. For my own part, the only drawback on my enjoyment of the scene was the observation of those traits of manufacturing improvements, which are so much at variance with my notions of rural beauty. I can admire

such a prospect to a limited extent; but the very fact of my admiration having bounds, proves to me that there is something too much or too little in the scene; and I prefer the wildest mountain view with its scattered huts and homely rough-handed inhabitants, to the most firm enclosure, the neatest cottages, and fairest skins round Glasgow or Manchester.

From the summit of the hill which overhung the valley, an extensive view opened far about it and beyond it. Rouen was closely perceptible on the right, in all its feudal mixture of filth and picturesqueness; its houses crowded together in streets that almost forbade the sun-beams to pass freely through them; and its church spires rising beautifully up from masses of building at once grotesque and graceful. The broad Seine rolled by, washing in its course islands of verdure and banks of rich variety, while the view was bounded by hills of respectable elevation, and covered with wood; at the foot of which the labouring river worked its way to-

wards the ocean, and seemed coiling itself like some huge serpent round all the visible earth. When I first saw it from this position, an autumnal sun was sinking upon its dusky bosom, for its brightness had been dimmed by the accession of smaller streams, which had joined its course, and disturbed its muddy channel. Had I stood on the same spot twenty years before, I have no doubt the landscape would have looked just the same; except that it would have been adorned by the figures of Mr. and Madame Suberville, with something more of activity and less of caducity about them than in my time certainly.—We will just then step back those identical twenty years, and resume the thread of my narration and their discourse.

Mr. Suberville often sauntered silently on for a quarter of an hour or more; Madame very rarely indeed. On the present occasion, that period had barely elapsed from the nod and the sigh which my readers may remember to have checked the dialogue, when she put her right

hand upon his right arm that was supporting her left as they walked: "What are you thinking of so profoundly, my dear?" asked she. "Of the old subject, my love."

"What, of adopting one of those noisy, ugly brats of nephews of yours?"

"Why, yes. You know, Marguerite, I never proposed it to you, till many a year after I had utterly despaired of your having children."

"Well then, my dear, I'll consent to it when *I* utterly despair." Mr. Suberville shrugged up his shoulders; and I may take advantage of the short pause which ensued, to mention a little point of his family history. His only brother, who was two years his junior, was the captain of a merchant vessel, trading to America and the West Indies; and had, after an early life of great adventure, settled in Rouen, his native town. He there married a person of inferior situation, of extremely vulgar manners, and no beauty; being caught as sailors sometimes are, by the first fair words employed to entrap him.

The captain's spouse had children just as fast as it was possible to have them, and once gave birth to twins. Each new confinement (and the last-mentioned in a double degree) added to the dislike, and I fear envy of *our* Madame Suberville, who could see nothing, in either boys or girls, but the ill-favoured visage of their mother, and the boisterous manners of their sire. Mr. Suberville the elder could not close his accurate eye upon the peculiarities that were so visible to his wife through the medium of her prejudices. But he thought that the mist she saw through enlarged the objects it enveloped, and he was therefore disposed to believe both her objections and his own exaggerated; and he repeatedly declared that he would prefer adopting one of his brother's children to that of any other man.

This argument was gone over for the thousandth time after the pause which allowed me to make the foregoing communication to the reader. Madame Suberville had taken up the subject, and had enforced in her best manner all her old

objections, when being more than ordinarily heated by the effects of her own eloquence, she finished her tirade with the following words: "Well, Jules, it does not signify talking;—I would rather consent to adopt a peasant's child, out of that hut, than one of your hateful relatives!"

"Marguerite!" said Mr. Suberville, half seriously, half jokingly, his eyes fixed steadily on her, "I very believe Saint Ursula has worked the miracle."

"How! Where! What do you mean, Jules?" asked she, quite in a flutter, "Do you see any change?"

"No, no, my dear, don't be afraid; I don't exactly mean what you mean;—but merely that this is the first word you ever let slip since our marriage, of your possible consent to my adopting *any* child."

"And is that all, Mr. Suberville? is it thus you trifle with a woman in my—in my possible situation?"

"I am sure I did not mean any thing unkind, dear Marguerite, for I have not been better, nay nor so well pleased with you for full fifteen years. Take my arm, my dear, and walk on."

Madame Suberville took the proffered arm rather sulkily, and her husband stepped on at a brisk pace; and proposed, as the evening was so fine, that they should prolong their walk through the wood towards the summit of the hill. Satisfaction at his evident pleasure prevailed over the lurking remains of her ill numour, and she consented.

They had turned into one of the narrow lanes which led up from the rivulet, and were approaching a cottage that was only betrayed in its seclusion by the smoke curling through the trees, when the prattle of a group of children made them suddenly look towards an opening in the hedge beside them. Madame Suberville, who was next to it, had no sooner turned her head than she stopped suddenly short, and cried out, "Heavens, what a cherub!" Her husband

at the same moment exclaimed, "Good God, how beautiful!" and the worthy couple stood fixed for a few minutes, gazing on the object of their admiration, without uttering another word.

I need scarcely say, that it was a child which so surprised them; and it is evident that from their having singled out one of the group, the others must have presented a contrast to its appearance. The fact was, that Madame Superville's "cherub" was a little girl of about two years old, of uncommon beauty, fair skin, golden hair, blue eyes, and bright complexion; and was also distinguished from the others by the singular difference of her dress. These last, a boy and two girls, were all clad in the coarse blueish-grey fustian, and wore the wooden shoes, common to the children of peasants; but the youngest was dressed in white from head to foot; which, soiled as it was, gave a considerable brilliancy to her complexion, and an air of superiority altogether to her person. The ma-

terials of her little frock were still only the coarsest kind of cotton; her shoes were of white cloth, and the whole so disfigured with the clay and mud in which the party had been rolling about, that it required the more dusky appearance of the others to give to this little white thing any particular look of cleanliness. Madame Suberville's whole attention was fixed on the beautiful face of the child, and her husband's glance had discovered in a moment that it was an infant which in pursuance of a religious custom had been *voué au blanc*—dedicated to the Virgin.

While they stood pondering in this way, the children stopped their play, and the mother of the family presented herself at the door. She was evidently from Brittany, by the proofs of violet-coloured sleeves to a white-bodied gown, a long flapped cap, a black apron, and red stockings. There was an air of benevolence, too, in her countenance, which, though it may find occasional counterparts in Normandy, is not ex-

actly the general expression of physiognomy in that litigious province.

After some general remarks from Madame Suberville as to the beauty of her children, but particularly of the youngest, Mr. Suberville drew from her the information that she had been only a week in her present habitation, she and her husband having being forced from Brittany by the ill-will of her neighbours, in consequence of their having formerly shewn a disposition of partial sympathy with the ruined fortunes of the La Vendée royalists.

To the question of why the little one had been consecrated to the Virgin, she detailed some facts that may have an air at once romantic and common-place; but which were very true, and had nothing whatever wonderful about them in France at the epoch in question. Little Leonie was not, then, the child of this honest peasant woman, but of a mother who, during the destruction of the Royalist armies, had sought the shelter of Madame Bignon's cottage. This un-

fortunate mother was wholly unknown, but certainly a person of respectable rank and refined education, as was evident according to Madame Bignon's account, from numerous circumstances. Long suffering, fatigue, and mental agitation brought her to the grave in a few days after giving birth to her child, in the miserable secresy, and more miserable attendance of the peasant's cottage; but with almost her last breath she made two requests of the kind-hearted woman who sheltered her. The first was, that she would register the child as her own; for Madame Bignon was on the point of being confined—the reason of this unhappy woman having chosen *her* refuge in preference to any other offered by the humane inhabitants of the district. The second was, that the child should be devoted to the Virgin for the space of fifteen years. The worthy woman promised to fulfil both these requests; and the poor mother expired, with grateful acknowledgments on her dying lips that she had found a protectress for

her infant, and that she was quitting the world with the secret undiscovered of her real name and connection. And here, lest my readers should prepare themselves for some trick or mystery, I warn them that I have never, to the day on which I write, been able to obtain the solution of that secret; nor is there now the remotest chance of its ever coming to light. The infant was registered as her own by Madame Bignon, together with one of which she was delivered a few days following the stranger's death; and she continued, till her encountering Mr. Suberville, to keep up Leonie's white costume, which, even during the temporary suspension of religious rites, she contrived to do without having excited any very particular observation.

Mr. Suberville remarked with great delight, not only the unusual kindness of his wife's manner, but the smiling docility with which the child received her attentions. He did not, however, give utterance to his pleasure,

determined to let things take their own course. Madame put many questions to the woman as to the child's age and disposition. The poor woman wept while she alluded to the loss of her real mother; and both Madame Suberville and her husband felt their eyes full, as Leonie burst from the arms of the former, ran across the room, and held up her innocent-looking face to kiss off the tears of her mamma. She pronounced this soft and endearing name half-a-dozen times; and, as the woman's countenance brightened up while returning her embrace, she nestled her head upon the bosom to which she was clasped, in a mixture of infantine pleasure and bashfulness, at the emotion and observation she had called forth.

"Oh, Jules, Jules!" exclaimed Madame Suberville, wiping her eyes, and in a voice quite unlike her common tone, "If *we* had such child as that!"

"Or *that!*" said her husband.

The little girl at this moment recovering from

her fit of bashfulness, turned round her golwing and smiling face full upon them; when Madame Suberville started suddenly up, crying "come along, come along, Jules. I cannot venture to stay here another moment."

For a month after this first visit a continual intercourse was kept up with the cottage, and a sort of dumb-show, pantomimic flirtation between the wishes and hopes of Madame Suberville on the one hand, and the anxiety and prudence of her husband on the other. She felt as if her sentiments on the subject of children had undergone a total change, for she had nothing in the present instance of that asperity which seemed usually mixed with her natural fondness, on observing the mutual happiness between parents and their infants. A notion of a supernatural influence continually crossed her mind, and she began to think that there was a tone peculiarly prophetic in her husband's exclamation that "Saint Ursula *had* worked the miracle." Her mind was quite filled with the

image of little Leonie, and she was never satisfied when she was not before her eyes. She strove to keep off from even herself the acknowledgment that she wished to adopt the child, and she combatted the notion for some time by arguments of the possibility of her still becoming a mother. This fancy had received, however, a mortal blow from her new-born attachment. It lingered in her brain, it is true, but was becoming day by day more faint; and the only thing which could have saved it from extinction would have been something like opposition from her husband—but this she ran no chance of meeting.

He wisely resolved to let the whole affair flow on as if he acquiesced in, rather than suggested it; and he made a secret vow that let the actual fact of the adoption be delayed as it might, the proposal for it should come from Madame herself.

Manifold were the consequent scenes of inflexible steadiness on his part, opposed to a

thousand efforts on that of his wife, to elicit from him the first expression of the desire that seemed as it were settled on the tip of her tongue, and every instant forcing against her lips for utterance. She made innumerable attempts to lead him into this snare, not only by regular train-laying, round-about plans of conversation, but by abrupt and startling flights from other subjects, calculated to throw him off his guard—but all in vain. Matters went on in this way for three or four weeks, until at length Madame Suberville found she had no chance of carrying her point; and, convinced that she could not obtain the merit of a feigned consent to the wish of her lord and master, she came to the resolution of proposing the object, as if in opposition to her own inclinations, and merely out of a magnanimous desire to please him. Mr. Suberville knew all that was working in her mind, and she could not avoid detecting his forced reserve; but they still went on in the resolute performance of their parts,

true to that ridiculous, but general habit of husbands and wives, to keep up an appearance of cheating each other, though reciprocally conscious that the attempted delusion is seen through.

One sentence may rapidly tell the result. Madame Suberville proposed to her husband to adopt Leonie, and received in reply an embrace that savoured more of reality than any of which she retained the remembrance; Madame Bignon, the peasant woman, and her husband, consented, after a struggle, to give up the child; she changed homes and parents with unconscious smiles; her certificate of baptism was duly procured, and her adoption formally registered according to law; and she was finally installed in a snug little room close to the bed of the good couple, in the peculiar charge of Aimee Lestocq, the faithful handmaid who had partaken of all Madame Suberville's confidence from her wedding day to the morning when she

was forced to possess herself of a child at second hand, as it were.

Like all family changes of the great or the little, this memorable affair caused serious dissatisfaction and disappointment to some, in proportion as it gave pleasure to others. Convulsions of anger on the part of the Captain, and hysterical affections on that of his lady, were naturally to be looked for, but they were slight in comparison with the nervous agitation of Doctor Glautte, who might be considered quite a part of Mr. Suberville's family, and had as good reason as the nearest relatives to be alarmed at the new arrangement. This learned physician had been for twenty years the constant companion of his old schoolfellow, and the counsellor of Madame; the dinner-eater of the one, and the toad-eater of the other. When I say companion, I mean that he had a chair and knife and fork every day placed for him at the table; and by the word counsellor, I would imply the instigator

and abettor of all the foolish fancies of a weak woman. In fact, Doctor Glautte was not suited for the fellowship of Mr. Suberville, nor the confidence of his wife. He was decidedly, a bold word, the most dunder-headed doctor that ever took out a diploma. Clumsy alike in person and understanding, he might be compared to a bloated leech sucking in the prosperity of his spare and diminutive friend—for such was Mr. Suberville's appearance; and the only approach he ever made towards ratiocination was his adoption of the then popular doctrine of materialism, on the avowed grounds that his conviction arose from the study of *himself*. He had nevertheless acquired over both Mr. and Madame Suberville an influence, which would have been wonderful, if we could deny the painful truth that mankind are more the slaves of habit than the subjects of good sense. Thus the corpulent Doctor Glautte had become quite necessary as a listener to Mr. Suberville when he sat down to dinner; and indispensable as

pulse-feeler, blood-letter, and fancy-tickler to his spouse. When he heard from Aimée of the adoption of the child, he was thunderstruck. He had an intuitive sense of his own stupidity, and when he gazed on the vivacious countenance and animated gestures of his infant rival, he felt like Othello, that his 'occupation was gone,' and was, to use his own original phrase, "*joliment flambé.*" The only symptom which ever denoted emotion in the pulpous countenance of the doctor was a wide-opening of the eyelids and a fearful projection of the eyes themselves. Aimée, who had rarely witnessed this expression, was quite alarmed as he stared upon her; and without well knowing what she did, she put the newly dressed Leonie close up to his face to rouse him from his appalling stiffness of attitude and look. At sight of the little smiling thing his eyes rolled back into their sockets, and he gave a start of horror from the recollection of his situation; for he felt in his heart's core that he was reduced all at once to a mere cypher, in

the account which his quondam patient and patroness had settled with herself. He made the best of a bad affair; submitted with what grace he could; resolved to give to the husband a double portion of that attention which had been heretofore so largely shared with the wife; and sat down to dinner pretty nearly as dull and dozy as ever, but with a quickened resolution acting upon the inertness of his general feelings, to be a continual thorn in the bed of roses which was destined for his little innocent and unconscious supplanter.

CHAPTER II.

It does not require a very fertile imagination to conceive all the improvements which a twelvemonth effected in our little heroine. Great attention from her new parents, unvarying care from Aimée Lestocq, with good diet and cleanliness, made her in appearance perfectly bewitching, while she gradually lost all tincture of vulgarism, and became a complete little gentlewoman in comparison to her former supposed sisters, who were still her playmates and constant friends. She had already however learned to call Mr. and Madame Suberville papa and mamma; and the young Bignons, taking the matter as it was represented to them, invariably

talked of her and to her as Leonie Suberville. Even the Captain and his wife had, after their first angry paroxysm was over, discovered the policy of conquering their resentment; and in the formal and unfrequent visits which they paid to their relatives, they taught their children to call the little protegée by the gentle appellation of " cousin." Every thing went smoothly on with her, except her intercourse with Doctor Glautte. This was naturally very close, for long custom had made him and his prescriptions absolutely necessary to Madame Suberville, and her old passion for doctoring herself and her family was now of course extended to the child.

Many acts of ill nature and spitefulness, whenever Leonie ventured the least familiarity, such as making a horse of his gold-headed cane, or playing with his one large ear-ring, the peculiar ornament of his person, made the doctor an object of continued terror to the child, and of indescribable aversion and suspicion to her faithful nurse. This latter made it a rule, from which

she never swerved, to throw out of the window every prescription which the doctor made up for Leonie; and as she was entrusted by her mistress with the administering of these potions, she had it always in her power to substitute some gentle harmless preparation for the more scientific compounds of the doctor; thus (even supposing him to have been perfectly honest) preserving the child from the evils which medicine prepares for the human constitution. The doctor, however, had the credit of all the advantage thus derived by Leonie, who was, on the Shrove Tuesday immediately following her third birth-day, one of the most perfect models ever seen of infantine health and loveliness.

Every body knows what an important epoch *Mardi Gras* forms in the annual enjoyments of the French. It is the last day of the carnival gaieties, and that which precedes the gloominess of Lent. People seem to think it the festival which of all others entitles them to be joyous, for it is a kind of debateable ground, as it were,

between gaiety and mortification, a winding up of the pleasure season, and the last opportunity for indulgence, before the dreary and interminable anticipation of six weeks' nominal abstinence. The principal amusement of this holiday is the procession of the *Bœuf Gras*. A description of a thing so commonly known would be useless here, did I merely write for the majority of travellers, who have witnessed it in Paris or other great towns. But even those have little idea of how much more enjoyment it presents in such a confined circle as the commune of "The Three Villages;" and, independent of that, there is a numerous class of my untravelled countrymen, who, in remote parts of our islands, may never have heard of the festival in question, until a straggling copy of the book I am now writing chances to work its way among them.

The *Bœuf Gras*, then, means literally the fattest ox in the town. The competition for this honor leads to many an extraordinary exhibition

of more than natural dimensions; and I have known some of those stall-fed, pampered victims of butchering ambition attain to enormous weights. On the morning of the festival the ponderous animal is prepared with a pomp of decoration suiting the wealth of the parish. In the commune of "The Three Villages" it is not likely that the scarlet body-clothes, and other trappings, presented as gaudy a display as those of more important places; but I think I may safely say, that the garland of flowers which crowned the head of the poor passive victim was quite as fragrant and blooming as any culled in all France, to be afterwards stained with the blood of the prize beast on whose horns it flourished. As for the crowning ornament of the whole, I would defy the world to excel it! This is invariably, and from time immemorial, the prettiest child of the parish, who, seated in a palanquin, and covered by a canopy of flowers and silks, is paraded on the back of the *Bœuf Gras*, an emblem of innocent beauty riding tri-

umphantly over the gross and brutal enjoyments of mankind. A band of music precedes the little deity of the feast; who is escorted before, beside, and after the moving throne by the younger of the butchers, mounted on horses, dressed in a fanciful costume of feathered caps, embroidered jackets, and silk sashes, some waving flags of various colours, and the rest armed with lances, swords, and battleaxes, appropriate to the members of all professions of blood; but, as borne by *them*, throwing an air of something like refinement over the most brutal of man's necessary trades. Crowds of people follow, in their fête dress and their holiday smiles, waving handkerchiefs, dancing and singing, and uttering alternate exclamations of astonishment at the bulk of the ox and the charms of his little burden. On the occasion I am now recording, I firmly believe that the Beauty bore away the palm from the Beast, and that the unfortunate animal had not his fair share of lawful admiration with the angelic being

who occupied the seat upon his shoulders. I cordially hope that none of my readers can doubt the identity of this being: but to stop the guess-work that might possibly interrupt this part of my narrative, I may just record the name of Leonie Suberville, who, by a great condescension on the part of her papa, was allowed to act the part of the *Cupidon* on this occasion.

Mr. Suberville, at this period, filled the situation of mayor of his commune. I have hitherto avoided any mention of his political opinions, for the simple reason that they have nothing to do with the present tenor of my story. It may be however easily divined from the post he occupied, that he was no enemy to the Republican form of government, at that particular period of the eminence which it had gained his country among the nations of Europe. Neither have I clogged my recital with long accounts of his pursuits in business. I have sufficiently intimated that he was a wealthy manufacturer, and the fact receives confirmation by the circumstance

of an unexpected visit which he received this day from rather a long visiting distance. The person who made him this morning call was Mr. Joseph Mowbray, a merchant of Philadelphia, in America, who had been for years in the habit of sending large shipments of cotton direct to his correspondent and customer, Mons. Jules Suberville. He had had some slight intercourse with his brother the captain, often the carrier of these consignments; and commercial affairs having brought him to France, he was resolved to take the opportunity of forming a personal acquaintance with Mr. Suberville. Accompanied by the captain, whom he called upon at Rouen, he came out on this pleasant occasion, and had a good opportunity of seeing the object of his enquiry in all that appearance of wealth, respectability, and happiness which he seemed to merit so much. When Mr. Mowbray and his companion reached the first of the three villages, the procession was moving slowly along towards

the residence of the mayor. When they arrived at the house, the captain pointed out his brother, who was standing on the steps in all municipal gravity, but a gravity mixed with heartfelt enjoyment. He looked a perfect union of magisterial respectability and parental pride,—so at least thought Mr. Mowbray, when the little Leonie called out "papa! papa!" from her throne of state, and Mr. Suberville opened his arms and pressed her to his heart, where she seemed to reign as supremely. A few introductory words from the captain made the mayor acquainted with his visitor. This latter spoke the French language well, and he accepted freely the prompt invitation which he received to join the early dinner just then about to be served; but being obliged to proceed that evening to Dieppe, he was forced to decline the many pressing solicitations to prolong his visit.

As the *Bœuf Gras* was led away, the procession having reached its term, Mr. Mowbray fixed

his attention for a moment on Leonie, and remarked to his host, that he thought her the most lovely creature he had ever seen.

"Why, thanks to a good constitution, she is blooming and healthy," replied the mayor.

"Aye, and still greater thanks to the skill and attention of the doctor here," said Madame Suberville, pointing to Glautte, who stood at her elbow.

Mr. Mowbray made a low bow to the doctor, who returned it in his usual way, by taking off his hat, and reclining his head a moment on his left shoulder, showing to conspicuous advantage the ponderous ear-ring which hung at the other side.

"You have reason to be proud of your good work, Sir," said Mr. Mowbray, "if you have produced the lovely bloom on these delicious little waxen cheeks."

"You flatter me, Sir," said Glautte, with a dogged expression of countenance, somewhat between a leer and a sneer; "the child is flushed

just now; it is the hectic, perhaps, of a coming fever."

"No such thing," exclaimed Aimée Lestocq, sharply; "the child has not a bit of fever in her pure blood: that's always the doctor's way of running her down."

A purple suffusion was visible on the doctor's bloated cheeks, which were often painted this hue by the abrupt brushes he received from Aimée. Mr. Mowbray took no notice of the expression, but, turning to Mr. Suberville, remarked, "You have really, Sir, a beauteous daughter. If it were possible to bring Philadelphia to Rouen, or take Leonie to Philadelphia, I would almost venture to express a wish, that she might one day be the wife of my only son Edward."

"A far-off wish indeed!" said Mr. Suberville, smiling. "What age is your boy?"

"Just turned five."

"If every thing else suited as well as their age, your notion might not be impossible," re-

plied Mr. Suberville; and the conversation dropped there.

The day passed quickly over. Mr. Mowbray took his leave, having arranged some matters of business with his host; and he rode out of the village, charmed with its wealthy and thriving appearance, and impressed with very high ideas of Mr. Suberville's probity, good sense, and good circumstances.

* * * *

CHAPTER III.

The interval between the last chapter, and the one which preceded it, advanced the progress of my tale twelve months. The space from the abrupt conclusion of the last page, to the opening of the present, includes no less a period than twelve years. That is, no doubt, a hop, step, and jump manner of getting over time: it is quite in unison, however, with the way in which time itself gets over the ground.

We must now then close our eyes on all the monotony of domestic affairs, for the space of twelve fast-flitting years, contenting ourselves with fanciful glimpses at the quiet tenor of events, passing before us like the shadowy trans-

parencies of a dream. We must, without suffering ourselves to feel the touch of Time, silently imagine its magical and noiseless changes on the persons of the actors already introduced to the reader:—the gradual bend in the spare form of Mr. Suberville—the increasing corpulence in the still upright body of madame—the stiff and bloated growth of the doctor's person—the symmetry, grace, and loveliness of the now truly beautiful Leonie. Death, too, as well as his elder brother, Time, had been laying his bony fingers on the little circle of our old acquaintances. The captain was no more; Madame Bignon, our heroine's foster-mother, was a widow; and the honest, kind-hearted Aimée Lestocq had had many a garland strewed over her grave, and many a flood of tears poured forth to her memory, by the sweet girl who still thought of, and loved her. Her loss was irreparable; but it was supplied in the best possible manner by Lisette, the eldest of Madame

Bignon's daughters, and the foster-sister of Leonie.

Mr. Suberville had been going on in gradually increasing wealth; his health kept fair and good, notwithstanding the many insidious efforts made by disease to creep into his constitution, in the semblance of strengthening draughts, and such like potations, strongly recommended by Glautte, and kindly prepared by madame, but firmly rejected by the sensible man who felt no need of help, and least of all of the kind proposed. His wife, whose natural temperament was a masterpiece of invincible good health, had long withstood the effects of her physician's nostrums and her own attachment to them. Her constitution struggled bravely with the noxious stuff, but she was at length beginning to shew signs of a breaking-up in the system; not in any actual appearance of debility, but in a certain pursy look of the cheeks, some bilious tinges in the neighbourhood of the eyes; and, above all, in

occasional loss of appetite, and faintness after exertion, which, in earlier and better days, would have only braced the frame it now seemed to shake to its foundations.

Glautte, as I before intimated, was becoming somewhat stiffer, and more bloated; a little short-winded or so; more lazy, perhaps; if possible, more dull; and his limited faculties becoming every day more inflexibly hardened, and gaining symptoms of an approaching tendency to what might be called a moral ossification. Notwithstanding all this, he had one strong instinct which never lost its hold upon him. That was a power of adapting himself to circumstances, in all their various modifications. This aptitude, of which he was perfectly conscious, did not appear to him to militate, in the least degree, against his favourite theory of materialism; for he felt it to be truly what I describe it, an *instinct*: and he used to say to Mr. Suberville, in his prosing way, that "he was certain he would have displayed it in some corresponding manner, had he been merely what man was meant to be,

an animal on all fours, with a long tail, and no discourse of reason." Mr. Suberville thought that the last clause of the sentence needed not to be included as an obstacle. He was, however, too good tempered to send back any cutting retort on the doctor. He thought him, from long acquaintance, a consummate ass, but harmless withal; and he never in his life, by rebuff or repartee, turned the innocuous flow of his argument out of its very deep and very muddy channel. Listening to the monotonous strain had indeed become a part of Mr. Suberville's daily habits. He had got into the custom of its endurance, and it gained on him to such a pitch, that, in his afternoon musings on his own affairs, or the prospects of Leonie, he found the accompaniment of Glautte's drawling voice an absolute want, as the burring drone of a bagpipe is necessary to keep up a supply of wind for that part of the instrument which produces the melody.

Mr. Suberville's intelligent and upright conduct in his magisterial capacity ensured him a

permanent continuance in his office of mayor. Willing to add another act of kindness to the many he had heaped on the doctor, he had, from his first appointment, named him to the place of *adjoint*, or deputy. There never was a more perfect sinecure than this; for the active turn of Mr. Suberville's mind, united with a high sense of duty, made him perform the most trivial details himself; and he had besides, a clerk, who was a sharp, ready-witted fellow, and whose long practice in the situation made him invaluable for the minor business of the *bureau*. Glautte, therefore, received his salary for nothing; and gave himself the airs of an official man, without ever putting his foot in the office, except on occasions of the trial of petty offences, when he made it a point of conscience to sleep through the whole process, that he might be ready to join, with an unbiassed mind, in whatever sentence was pronounced by his superior.

The clerk to whom I just now alluded, was a

shrewd, unprincipled knave, called François Faussecopie. He had gone through various scenes in a busy and bad life, always covering himself with disgrace, yet escaping ruin by amazing cunning. He had been active in the reign of terror; and was found so useful to the people afterwards in power, that they appointed him to the subordinate situation which he held under Mr. Suberville, who saw it was in vain to remonstrate against the nomination. He resolved, however, to keep a close watch upon his clerkship's conduct; and exercised, in fact, such a salutary severity over him, that, except in some trifling extortion of extra fees for passports and certificates, he had actually, for several years, been an honest man per force.

As wrinkles and superstition generally keep the same pace in weak-minded individuals, who are going down hill, it is not wonderful that Madame Suberville's reliance on the patronage of St. Ursula should increase with her years, although the particular mode of her manifesta-

tions was changed. Her prayers were now put up wholly for the happiness of Leonie, who really had obtained the fullest possession of all that fondness which her honest heart had been, in her early years, hoarding up for her own long-looked-for progeny. She attributed all the beauty and amiability of her protegeé to the invisible care of the saint; and the constant white dress of Leonie threw such an air of angelic softness around her, that she at times appeared to the vapoury notions of Madame Suberville, the personification of something more than earthly.

The singular costume did certainly throw a peculiar grace on the beauteous form it covered; and its influence on Leonie's mind was not slight. She attended regularly to her religious duties along with Madame Suberville; and though she had too much natural good sense to be infected with her benefactress's weakness, she could not avoid catching a tinge of enthusiasm, which acted somewhat wildly on a romantic tem-

perament. She had been instructed, as soon as her mind could comprehend the facts, in the extraordinary particulars of her own story. Her kind nurse, Aimée, had often and often conversed with her upon it; and she had received a thousand times, from Madame Bignon, the minutest particulars of her mother's appearance, her conversation, and her death. She had read a few novels and books of poetry, and she brooded over the associations they produced, until, at times, her young and ardent spirit seemed to feel itself destined for some more than ordinary fate. These feelings, joined with a strong degree of bashfulness, made her shrink from the gaze which always followed her when she left her home. She was inclined to ascribe solely to the remarkable appearance of her dress, the tributary looks of admiration which were paid to her uncommon beauty. Her white costume, no doubt, attracted observation, but it was never until the eyes of the beholders had lost the view of her lovely face, and then became rivetted

on the symmetry of her light form, that the snowy robes which enfolded it, and the auxiliary parts of her dress possessed the least attraction Her repugnance to be stared at kept her entirely from the town of Rouen. She never could be persuaded to go to visit the widowed Madame Bignon (to whom, as we shall see, she became an object of much interest) from the period which followed her twelfth year; but her fame had been established all through this ancient city, which often heard, as well as her immediate neighbourhood, the praises of the incomparable *Vouée au Blanc.*

While she thus fostered in childhood all the natural romance of her disposition, to which seclusion and piety afforded such constant food, another feeling was growing fast in her mind, that gave it still a more powerful bias as womanhood began to ripen. Mr. Mowbray, the worthy Philadelphian merchant, had in the regular correspondence which followed his return to America, invariably contrived to include the

name of Leonie; and by many little presents and continual kind messages, kept up, as she fancied at least, a glimmering recollection of his person, since the day of his short visit at the Vale of the Three Villages. But connected with this notion, true or false, there was the association of another individual, who, though unseen except in the wandering clouds of her imagination, had in a most extraordinary manner blended with all her youthful thoughts and feelings. This was Edward, the only son of Mr. Mowbray, to whom the reader may remember his casual allusion during the before-mentioned visit, and of whom the father never failed to say something or other in his letters. It was curious enough to see, as I have seen, the bill of lading of so many bales of cotton, or a letter of advice of a bill of exchange, wound up with a postscript to the following effect, "Edward sends his love to his little wife:" or "kiss Leonie for me twenty times," and so forth—always written by the father's hand, but confirmed in vari-

ous ways, from the unmeaning scrawl of a boy of five or six years of age, to the pothook-and-hanger signature of a youth of eight or ten, then the cramped little attempt at running hand, and finally the well-cut letters of the name Edward Mowbray. Leonie used to gaze at these epistles with delighted eyes, even before she could understand them; and when she fairly learned to read and know her own language, she often wished Mr. Mowbray wrote better French, or that Edward would learn the language for himself. She always answered these mementoes of Transatlantic gallantry on little slips of paper, written by Mr. Suberville, and signed by her, in short sentences of friendly import; but just previously to her attaining her fifteenth year, (an important epoch of her life, and at which I have chosen to introduce her to the full-grown acquaintance of my readers,) she was struck with the idea of learning English. A sort of lurking hope that was in some way or other linked with the idea of Edward Mowbray, was certainly the

first incitement of this design. It was, however, very natural to the disposition which she possessed in a strong degree for the attainment of knowledge. Her studies had been hitherto limited to her own language, which she had thoroughly learned under the care of a daily governess who attended her, from Rouen; the elementary branches of general education, music, drawing, and of course dancing, in all of which she made such progress as might be expected from a girl of more than ordinary talents. But no sooner had she conceived the desire of acquiring the English tongue, than she hastened to communicate it to Mr. and Madame Suberville, with an ardour that shewed them the inclination must be indulged. Consent was immediately given; and in order to put her wishes into execution, application for aid was immediately forwarded to a person of so much importance to the sequel of my story, that I really must do him the honor of opening a new chapter with the announcement of his name.

CHAPTER IV.

Monsieur Hippolite Emmanuel Narcisse de Choufleur, was an offshot from one of those ancient and noble families, which, had I at hand a blood-hound of heraldry, I might perhaps succeed in tracing back to the most dismal depths of the dark ages. This gentleman was an hereditary royalist, a prating, busy, and empty-pated fellow, who had owed the good luck of keeping his head on his shoulders in the stormy seas of the revolution, merely to the lightness of the freight it carried. He floated on the waters like the buoy of an anchor, and just served to denote the grounds where his family had fixed, and where the privateers that were then abroad might find safe harbourage and shelter. Perse-

cution and confiscation had driven all the other individuals of his race far from their native land, and left him pennyless. His whole possessions on the establishment of the republic, consisted in some half-dozen sky-blue, pea-green, and rose-coloured coats; about twenty pair of nankeen breeches; a large quantity of ruffles, with shirts and frills in the proportion of one of the first to every dozen of the latter; some silk stockings, snuff-boxes, paste-buckles, rings and brooches; and a satin-wood casket, containing sundry patents of nobility, marriage articles, grants of estates, and other proofs of gentle blood, legitimacy, and feudal rights. With this stock of merchandize, Mons. de Choufleur, or as he was more familiarly called, Mons. Hippolite, commenced his trade of emigrant, knight-errant, fortune-hunter, and *soi-disant* marquis. After buzzing and bustling about his native Normandy for some years following the annihilation of such pretensions as were his only inheritance, he determined to expatriate himself to the hospitable

shores of Great Britain; and as his stay in his own country had attracted no attention, so did his departure meet with no difficulty. He landed from a fishing-boat at Brighton, in a miserable plight; told a long lying story of misfortunes, imprisonment and escape; was warmly received by some honest John Bull; remained two years or more in our island, acquiring a marvellously insufficient knowledge of the language, and a perfect taste for roast beef; and having supported himself by his skill in dancing which no native teacher could compete with, and upheld his claims to the title of marquis by appeals to his satin-wood casket, which no one would take the trouble to examine, he availed himself of the first amnesty granted by Napoleon, and returned to look after the remnants of his family inheritance, which he protested most solemnly were buried somewhere adjacent to the site of the three villages.

His re-appearance excited some surprise and

a good deal of amusement. People laughed at his impudence as well as his other manifold risible qualities. He never discovered his treasures, and soon squandered the little savings which he had amassed with English industry, to dispose of with the improvidency peculiar to his countrymen. He was as litigious as any one in Normandy; and having made an acquaintance with François Faussecopie, who was all things unto all men, he employed him to make searches into the innumerable intricacies of the revolutionary decrees, to find out some pretexts for law-suits, to recover rights which no one had ever heard of but from him. All the assiduity of his counsellor could not, however, succeed, even in Normandy, to muster up one possible cause for litigation; and poor Monsieur Hippolite found himself reduced to the sad necessity of becoming a teacher of English to such of the gentry in Rouen and its neighbourhood as would condescend to hold communion, even

through the pages of a grammar, with the deeply-hated nation whose language was considered as barbarous as itself was odious. To carry his project into effect, he gave up his wanderings about the country, and fixed himself in a little chamber on the fourth story of one of the oldest houses in one of the narrowest streets of Rouen. To attract the passers-by, and give publicity to his design, a little black board hung suspended by a string from his casement, and dangling down as far as the top panes of the shop-window below, shewed in printed characters at one side, the following words:

RUN OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE,
BY MISTER CHOUFLEUR.
HE GIVES THE PARTICKLER LESSONS.
TO ADDRESS ONESELF TO THE PROFESSOR WHO
RESTS IN THE FORTH.

At the reverse side was the following translation, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, I suppose, and explaining the somewhat ambi-

guous meaning of the original to those even who understood English.

COURS DE LANGUE ANGLAISE,
PAR M. DE CHOUFLEUR.
IL DONNE DES LEÇONS PARTICULIERES.
S' ADDRESSER AU PROFESSEUR, QUI RESTE AU QUATRIÈME.

This tempting announcement had certainly taken some persons in—not only to the house, but in other ways, as may be supposed. Nothing was ever more absurd than the jumble of trash which this professor taught his pupils; and as the limited knowledge of our language which existed in France before the peace was almost entirely acquired from some such source, we need not wonder at our first visitors to Paris having been obliged to request that their French friends would translate their English greetings, to make them comprehensible. In this way, however, Monsieur Hippolite got his livelihood, and having no competitors, at least none less ignorant than himself, he became in a few years

very celebrated among the learned men of Rouen and its vicinage.

But there was another language which he piqued himself on knowing still better than English—the language of pangs, palpitations, sighs and blushes, in short—the language of love. This he protested he had first acquired by inspiration, and afterwards *perfectioned* by study. He was most profound in this particular branch of philology; could trace the root of all the young blossomings of the tender passion; tell what particular parts of its speech should stand alone or require support; conjugate every one of its auxiliary or most irregular symptoms; and decline with readiness every one of its verbal adjuncts, except those which might take the shape of invitations to breakfast, dinner or supper.

This language he taught gratis; and the generosity with which he lavished his lessons was unbounded: maid, wife, and widow, were alike the objects of his voluntary services; but he

repeatedly declared that the tongue of love *(la langue d'amour)* was little suited to the palate of the females of Normandy, for it was notorious that not one of them, of any age or degree, would listen beyond the first five minutes to his lectures.

Monsieur Hippolite thought this most unaccountable. He frequently looked at himself in the glass from head to foot, and could see no physical cause of failure. To accomplish this favourite employment, he was obliged to stand on a chair; and it was while he was in the laudable exercise of this self-examination on a sharp frosty Sunday morning, after a recent rebuff from the wife of his landlord, that the old woman servant who attended him put a billet into his hands, signifying that "Mademoiselle Leonie Suberville would feel honored by the attendance of M. de Choufleur at the Valley, for the purpose of commencing a course of instruction in the English language."

His raptures on the perusal of these lines were

unbounded. To give a loose to his delight, he unbuttoned his shirt-collar, turned out the old woman, locked the door, threw himself into his arm-chair, read the billet over a thousand times, and having finally (as was declared by his neighbour in the opposite garret) exhausted himself by every extravagant expression of his transports, he tied the note round with a piece of pink ribbon, and, fastening it to the inside of his waistcoat close over his heart, he re-adjusted his dress, and prepared to set out for the residence of Mr. Suberville. While we suppose him employed in his three quarters of an hour's walk, we may devote about the same proportion of a chapter to account for his delight, and some circumstances connected with it.

He had, in common with the chief part of the gossipping population of Rouen, often heard of the bewitching beauty, talents, and romantic turn of the *Vouée au Blanc*. Being quite convinced that in every one of these three respects he formed a perfect parallel to this young crea-

ture, he felt an inspiration, as he said, that impelled him quite irresistibly to throw himself in her way, and give their mutual sympathies a fair chance of coming into contact. For this purpose he had made many ineffectual attempts to get acquainted with Mr. Suberville, and at last, about three months previous to the reception of Leonie's billet, he had taken the plan of regularly attending, every Sunday morning, at the earliest celebration of mass, in the little church close to Mr. Suberville's dwelling, where Madame and her adopted daughter were punctually seen offering up their matin orisons.

In this solemn, though humble sanctuary, did the already enamoured Hippolite first catch a view of the object of his passion.

Covered in a cloak of white satin, trimmed with white fur, a white bonnet on her head, and a long white veil concealing her lovely face, a pair of white cloth shoes with white fur bindings peeping out like little rabbits from under

her robe, Leonie tripped along the aisle beside her mamma one November morning, when De Choufleur, who had taken his station in a favorable position, thought that he saw the embodied spirit of his inspiration approaching towards him. His agitation was excessive; and, added to the coldness of the morning and a thin covering, made him tremble from head to foot; while his heart kept fluttering and flapping against his ribs.

Madame Suberville and Leonie, quite unobservant of their observer, walked forwards to their usual station at the left-hand side of the altar, where the priest had not yet appeared. They knelt softly down; and, as Leonie was preparing to open her little red-covered prayer-book, she was startled by the noise of something falling on the steps at the opposite side, and upon looking towards the place, observed the figure of a stranger in a kneeling posture directly before her, his eyes fixed on her, and his hands held up in the gesture of supplication. This was no other than De Choufleur, whose emo-

tions had been going on from their pit-a-pat pace, when he first saw Leonie glide into the church, into regular gradations of trot, canter, and gallop, until they so far overpowered him on her taking the posture of prayer, that, yielding to the invisible sympathy which regulated his movements by hers, he dropped down upon his knees, with an abruptness that caused the sound which so surprised her.

Her first impulse when her eye caught his figure, was to burst into a loud laugh; but respect for the sacred scene of the adventure quickly countermanded that temptation, and she was forced to a restrained and smothering kind of hysteric, which required her utmost efforts to keep within bounds. Madame Suberville, buried in the depth of her devotions, had neither eyes nor ears for what was passing round her; but to justify our heroine's apparent levity, I must give my readers a short, slight sketch of Monsieur Hippolite's appearance and costume, as she saw it at this period.

He was in the first place precisely five feet

and an inch in height, and, being then somewhat turned of forty, it was commonly believed that he had acquired his complete growth. There was no proportion between the length and thickness, either of the whole person, or its component parts, and, geographically described, it would not offer a favourable specimen of man's fair proportion. The head leaning forward like a promontory, was large and long, the body showed like a great continent long and thick, the isthmus neck was at once short and slender, the arms reached nearly to the knees, and the thighs and legs were appallingly stout and muscular. An elevation and protuberance of his right shoulder gave to what nature meant for its fellow, the air of a very distant correspondence, and caused him when in action to proceed with that movement best defined by the military phrase *en echelon*. The only good parts were the well turned ancles and the diminutive and prettily formed feet, and they were surmounted by a pair of calves, whose Herculean

dimensions seemed to threaten on the least exertion to burst their searments, that is to say, the seams of the old darned silk stockings, whose natural white was blended with the yellow leaf of time, and the powder blue of the washerwoman. The face was of a peculiar nature. It was not actually ugly, but particularly droll. The forehead slanted back directly from the eye-brows, the nose advanced beyond the utmost verge of the aquiline. The eyes, of light blue, followed the nose with dreadful strainings, and stood far out of their sockets; white eye-brows, and lids unlashed, offered no relief to this unnatural projection; and the small mouth and chin sloping inwards, precisely in the same ratio with the forehead, gave a grey-hound sort of look to the whole physiognomy. The hair, naturally flaxen, was short and curled, and filled with powder and pomatum; the cheeks were ruddy, and covered in part with an amber coloured down, that formed a perfect caricature of whiskers on each.

A reverential regard for the antiquity of family relics, and a natural love of finery made M. Hippolite not only preserve those which remained to him, but carry them on his person on all occasions. He wore rings, and brooches, and buckles, in enormous profusion, and he had through all the changes of his latter life contrived to keep one dress suit formed out of the remains of his antient wardrobe. On the present occasion, he had all his treasures on his back and other appropriate parts. His one last pair of silk stockings have been already mentioned. The garments next in order, formed of what once looked nankeen, now wore the semblance of very ill-washed white calico, and his waistcoat was silk that had been originallya bright violet, but was now washed into the hue of the outer edge of an expiring rainbow; and, saying nothing of the cravat or frill, and less than nothing of the mysterious garment to which they formed appendages, I may notice the antient rose-coloured coat, which had been long since dyed,

first a brilliant purple, and afterwards the most sombre shade of black. Monsieur Hippolite's former profession of dancing master had had a much more bracing effect on the muscular expansion of his preposterous calves, than on the nervous system of his thread-bare coat. It was reduced to the very shadow of a shade; and the many hues imprinted upon it during its various changes, gave to it a chameleon-coloured mixture that had a most extraordinay effect, as its flimsy texture was sported with by the various accidents of light and shade.

Such was the man, take him for all in all, as he burst upon the astonished gaze of Leonie. It is not necessary to dwell on his emotions nor her amusement, following in weekly revolutions for the three months succeeding this portentous interview. De Choufleur had actually worked himself into a sort of belief that he was fairly in love, and the innocent object of his delusion was so pleased with the ludicrous exhibition which he presented every Sabbath morning, that

she used to gaze on his figure, to the manifest ruffling of those pious thoughts and sedate looks so appropriate to the place he appeared in. Madame Suberville could not avoid remarking his constant attendance at Mass. It gave her a very good opinion of him, and she readily assented to Mr. Suberville's suggestion that he should be Leonie's teacher of English. Leonie was enchanted with the nomination, and it gave a fresh zest to the pleasure which she looked forward to in her new studies.

CHAPTER V.

De Choufleur's thoughts slipped on as smoothly as his feet, while he slided along the frosty road towards the vale. His mind participated in the elasticity of his nerves, and his hopes swelled big and giant-like, in sympathy with the sinews of his calves. He was convinced that love had at last set the spark to that long train of well directed looks, and passionate contortions of face and carcase, which he had so skilfully prepared for explosion in the deep chambers of Leonie's heart. He congratulated himself over and over again, that he had not even strove by any premature effort to force himself upon her, nor done any thing to thwart

the effect of his deep design; and just as he got close to Mr. Suberville's house, he was forced to lean against a little projection, and stop awhile to take breath, to prepare himself for the coming meeting.

The time he had lost in raptures over the note of invitation, had completely prevented his usual attendance at the morning service, and given Madame Suberville and Leonie so far the start of him, that they had returned home and breakfasted before he reached the house. Leonie by no means expected his appearance, so promptly following her summons. She was therefore not a little surprised to see his well-known figure sloping down by the course of the little rivulet, and sliding across the glassy surface of the irrigated bleach green. She could scarcely restrain herself from laughing outright; but knowing that Monsieur Hippolite stood high in the good graces of her mamma, on the score of his piety, she had always abstained, in her presence, from any expression which might

make him an object of ridicule. And it may be well to premise in this place, that her innocent mind had never imagined any cause for his assiduous attentions at church, but those which piety might afford. She had frequently laughed and talked about him to Alfred Suberville, the son of the deceased captain, who was her constant confidant when she had any secret joke to communicate relative to Dr. Glautte, or any other subject appertaining to the ludicrous. I may here mention that this cousin, as she in courtesy called him, was, in pursuance of the plans of his designing mother eternally hovering about Leonie, her lover by anticipation, and in right of her the future inheritor of his uncle's wealth. He was a good-tempered careless youth, and liked Leonie very well, without either loving her or being loved. He was at the valley on the morning in question; and he espied, at the same moment as she, the florid face of De Choufleur, blooming through the mist sent up by his breath into the frosty air. The forced

efforts at decorum of this young couple were contrasted with the bustling preparations for a welcome reception made by the old lady, and the quiet gravity of Mr. Suberville, who sat reading his newspaper, resolved to take no notice of the visitor announced by Alfred, whose reputation had long been obnoxious to his contempt.

After an awful note of preparation, sounded through the fragile texture of a cambric muslin pocket-handkerchief, and reiterated scrapings of the soles of the shoes, with a couple of hems! pronounced in a tone something between a cough and the neighing of a horse—the door opened, and the servant's tittering recapitulation of the names of Monsieur de Choufleur was followed by the entrance of their lawful owner. True to the observance of his former and his present professions, he had prepared both his first attitude and his opening speech. He accordingly stopped at the edge of the door, placed his feet in the third position, gracefully put his little cocked hat under his arm, squared his right

wrist and elbow, and just touched his left side with the tips of his thumb and fore finger. Thus arranged, and throwing his eyes round the room, he began " Gentlemen and Ladies !"—when Madame Suberville, rising and advancing towards him, cut short the thread of his discourse with " good morning, Sir: I am very happy indeed to receive a gentleman so distinguished, as well for his knowledge of foreign languages, as for his attendance on the duties of his religion. Pray give yourself the trouble to walk in ; this is my husband, Sir, and that my nephew, and yonder sits my daughter, Sir, your future pupil."

" Ah, Madame !" sighed the amorous Hippolite, rather confused by the abrupt impediment made in his speech, but utterly overwhelmed by this actual introduction to Leonie, " ah, Madame ! I know *her* already."

Mr. Suberville just raised his eyes above the margin of the newspaper, and bowed his head slightly to De Choufleur. The plaintive tone

of his voice and his theatrical languishment of look, appeared excessively ridiculous; but as it was the first time Mr. Suberville had heard him speak, he took it for granted they were connected with his every-day manner, and resuming his reading for a moment or two, he shortly rose and quitted the room.

Alfred, who had continually quizzed Leonie about De Choufleur's church-going, and assured her (without knowing any thing more than his general character) that she had made a conquest of him, was instantaneously convinced that such was the fact. He therefore replied to the long-drawn sigh of acknowledgment which followed Madame Suberville's introduction, "Aye, Mr. de Choufleur, and she knows you, I assure you. Many a time she has told me of your being at church together."

"What goodness!" cried Hippolite with ardour; "and has Mademoiselle had the kindness to give the least of her attention to the humblest and most devoted of her servants?"

This was addressed to Leonie direct, and in a tone which was meant as the very deepest key of the passionate and pathetic. Leonie who was really ashamed of the earnest gaze he fixed on her, and unable any longer to keep her countenance, blushed the deepest shade of scarlet, and stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, turned to the window to conceal her confusion and enjoy her laugh.

De Choufleur seeing the blush, and unconscious of its accompaniment, attributed the whole to the cause which he considered the right one; but held his tongue firmly between his teeth, afraid to commit himself by the utterance of the delight with which he was burning.

Alfred, who amply enjoyed the scene, immediately exclaimed to Madame Şuberville, "come along, my dear aunt; let us leave Leonie and Monsieur de Choufleur to commence their studies. I see they are anxious to be alone."

"The sooner the better," said Madame: "when affairs of instruction are to be arranged,

there is nothing like leaving master and pupil together, where the age and respectability of the former are guarantees for the safety of the latter.—Is it not so, Monsieur de Choufleur?"

"Ah, Madame!" sighed De Choufleur.

"Now my dear child," continued Madame Suberville addressing Leonie, "pay every attention to what Mons. de Choufleur says to you. You know how he merits your confidence."

"Oh!" murmured Hippolite.

"You need not fear her being negligent," added the garrulous dame turning to him: "she is most favourably disposed to listen to you, believe me—"

"I am penetrated, Madame!"

"And trust me that no girl of her age is readier at learning by heart."

"It is too much!" cried De Choufleur, in infinite agitation, as Alfred led his aunt out of the room and shut the door. Leonie had stood some time fixed in the recess of the window, not daring to turn round. At length she heard the

door close, and knew she was alone with her instructor. That consideration immediately brought her feelings to a proper level, and with a blended graciousness and composure she looked at De Choufleur, and begged him to take a chair. It was lucky for him that she possessed this prompt sense of her own propriety, for had she waited one minute longer he would have been down on his knees on the cambric muslin handkerchief, which he was preparing to spread out for the protection of his nankin knee-coverers.

Her calmness and dignity chilled him like an icicle, for he had not only believed Madame Suberville and the cousin to have been paving the way, as it were, for his avowal, but supposed her to be melting in the warmth of a tender confusion. He therefore stared at her still, but with a contraction of mouth and brow that spoke unutterable things. She repeated her invitation that he would be seated, as she was already; upon which he took a chair with a

most automaton-like air; and, uttering a deep-breathed "ah ah ah!" he dropped down almost unconsciously upon it.

Leonie proposed that they should commence the business which brought them together, and he, recovering by degrees his presence of mind drew forth from his pocket a grammar of the English tongue. As he placed it on the table it opened, like a self-impelled oracle, at the verb "to love." Hippolite thought that this little incident was guided by the finger of Destiny, and he caught with amazing quickness a great portion of his former tender and sanguine flow of feelings. He seized the book, and pointing to the propitious word, he threw a languishing look on Leonie, and repeated the first, second, and third persons of the verb in its indicative mood. His accent and tone are not to be given in print, but his pronunciation was as thus:—

Hi loaf!! Vee loaf!!
Dow loafest!! Yeu loaf!!
Ee loafs! Day loaf!

The respective marks of admiration are meant to denote the varying emphasis which accompanied his utterance of each expression. For the tone and manner, I think they must have beggared description.

After a little time lost in this gentle foolery, Leonie, who of course did not understand a word of what he said, requested he would give her a task to perform, and he, struck by a momentary thought, told her he invariably began with his pupils by making them write down a few sentences in English and repeat those exercises daily, to give them a familiarity with the appearance of the words, and for other purposes of instruction which he would explain as she advanced. She accordingly took from her nice little writing box (which was a present of Mr. Suberville's on her last fête day) pen, ink and paper, and in her delicate hand wrote as follows, by his diction, the orthography of many of the words being guided by his pronunciation.

" My deer how I am glad to make you know-

ledge! It give me some of the plaisure more than I can you tell. You ar one man much amiable. You ar the gentlemann perfect, complet, and the best bred. I live on loaf! my brest burn like one oven, and I kiss you with my hart!"

To this *Exercise* he made her add her name, and folding it up in the form of a letter, he carefully put it in his pocket. Then, as if urged by some violent hurry, he took his leave, promising to come again the following day: and to remove all doubts which might be suggested as to the cause of his speed, I beg to say thus: it was merely for the gratification of an extraordinary vanity, which made him fly from the house to gaze upon this unintended love-letter, and voluntarily deceive himself with the fancy that it was really the dictation of Leonie's own heart.

He continued his attendance some weeks, but was always kept at a proper distance by the decorous bearing of his pupil, who, young as she was, had good sense enough to see the

necessity of a very determined and repressive manner towards him. Her progress in English was, as may be supposed, most imperfect. The greatest difficulty presented to her naturally acute mind, was the lamentable ignorance of her teacher, and she soon discovered his incompetence. She nevertheless saw the necessity of some assistance to help her through the morass of our incomprehensible pronunciation, and though she found that she could learn the principles of the language with her grammar and her dictionary, she thought she must have floundered on in ignorance for ever if she did not avail herself of Monsieur de Choufleur's acquaintance with the sounds of the harsh-looking consonantal words. Hippolite told her that in this branch he was perfect; and she taking his assertion, not quite for granted, but for better for worse, they continued to jog forward together. He was wonderfully cautious as to any expression of his passion at which her delicacy might take the alarm. Quite satisfied with being so fre-

quently in her presence, he took ample revenge for the reserve she imposed on herself in speech, by making her unconsciously express, in writing, sentiments the most extravagant and ridiculous. He kept her for several days to her constant task of English exercises, as he continued to call them, until he saw she was beginning to understand enough of the language to make him fear her comprehending the scandalous nonsense he put into her pen. His manœuvring then ceased, but he had acquired ten or a dozen of those precious productions, and I may as well give my readers here another specimen, of the existence of which I myself, long afterwards, obtained ocular proof.

"Nite and day, morning and after twelve o'clock, my thotes are at thee. In the shursh or at the walk, in the deep mystrees of some sleep, or in the full day, it is thou my deer who art before my ise, thy head bended all ways by the halter, where I burn to be tied to thee without even the ceremony of being corded by my rela-

tions. Beleeve mee untill the deth, thee very loafly,

Leonie."

"My cousin Alfred makes the galous, but I thee promise I will marry myself with thee as soon as my wishes are dead.*"

I have already said that De Choufleur's intention in making Leonie write the first of these

* It would be no doubt an act of supererogation to explain away all the mistakes of those letters. It may, however, be well to translate this last one into French, such as Monsieur Hippolite afterwards declared it was meant for.

"Nuit et jour, matin et soir, mes pensées sont à toi. Dans l'Eglise ou à la promenade, dans les mystères du sommeil ou en plein jour, c'est toi mon cher qui es devant mes yeux, la tête toujours inclinée auprès de l'autel, ou je brule de t'être unie, sans même la Ceremonie de t'etre accordée par mes parens. Crois moi jusqu' à la mort ta trés affectionée,

Léonie.

Mon cousin Alfred fait le jaloux; mais je te promets de me marier avec toi aussitot que mes vœux seront expirés.

effusions was merely for his private gratification; but no sooner had he possessed himself of two or three, than his egregious vanity and folly made him conceive the idea of shewing them to a few select friends, in proof of his having succeeded in gaining her affections. He therefore turned his thoughts on Faussecopie, and felt that it would be a fine triumph over his incredulity regarding Hippolite's powers of pleasing, to shew him under Leonie's own hand several *billets-doux*, which being written in a foreign language, gave sufficient proof of there being something meant for secresy—and what so likely as confessions of love? But he was too well aware of Faussecopie's shrewdness, not to feel it necessary to wait a reasonable time for his pupil's acquirement of the language in which he was to prove her having written, and he was forced to keep his intended revelation *in petto* until he was very near being obliged to abandon his design altogether.

Leonie, who laboured night and day at the

new study which seemed to her romantic mind to contract the expanse of ocean that separated her from Edward Mowbray, caught now and then a word or phrase in her forced exercises which seemed to her of very doubtful import. Her own mis-spelling of Hippolite's false pronunciation defied detection in many instances by means of the dictionary, but still she thought it odd that he deferred from day to day putting her to the translation of those scraps, which she observed him to keep with such great care, and to fold up always in the form of letters. She spoke to him on the snbject, but at first got vague answers, as to her not being yet fit for entering on that particular branch of his method of instruction; but one expression which he dictated to her about a fortnight after the commencement of his lessons, bore so evidently a local and amorous meaning, that she refused to write it, to his very great confusion. Taking advantage of this, she peremptorily demanded that he should produce on the following day

the whole collection of exercises, that she might re-examine them, and begin her task of translating, if it was ever to be done. De Choufleur recovered himself, pondered all that evening on the subject, and the next morning produced his bundle, containing, as she supposed, the whole of those important documents. She had not the least memory of the words of those earliest written, and was quite unsuspicious as to the number produced; so seizing the packet from the table where Monsieur Hippolite placed it, she flung it into the fire, and saw it in a moment consumed to ashes. Her pleasure on this occasion was equalled by Monsieur Hippolite's, for he had begun to feel a little awkward on the subject, and had himself conceived the plan of burning the exercises in Leonie's presence; having first safely secreted in his satin-wood casket, and placed at the bottom of his old hairy trunk at home, the two tender epistles which I have already copied for the reader.

He could scarcely restrain his joy, when he

saw Leonie's own fair hand relieve him from all inquietude relative to the consumed or the existing writings; and he did not even put on a semblance of ill-humour. Leonie was pleased at this; for she thought her proceeding would have given him offence; and his forbearance afforded her the most favourable view she had yet had of his temper and disposition.

CHAPTER VI.

EVENTS of a most momentous nature were now about to burst on the fortunes and the fate of our heroine and her friends; or, as she *did*, and we *might*, call them, her parents. Sudden changes from wealth to penury, from influence to nothingness, from what the world believes respectability, to what it miscalls disgrace, are too frequent to be wondered at even in the pages of a romance. Let no one, therefore, marvel that one of these shiftings in the scenes of life should have been exhibited by the family, into whose bosom I have been introducing my readers, long before I got a footing there myself. I never knew them in their prosperity, yet I heartily mourned over the recital of their mis-

fortunes, and the accident from which they arose.

It was on a fine clear morning, in the month of March, 1811, that Mr. Suberville received from Rouen a large consignment of raw cotton for the use of the manufactory. Mr. Mowbray's letter, which contained the particulars, and which should have announced its coming, had been detained by some accident, and therefore a proper arrangement for the reception of the cotton could not be made in the very few days which elapsed, from the arrival of the ship and the discharge of the cargo at Rouen. Mr. Suberville was in consequence obliged to stow away in every possible part of the factory and warehouses, and even in the garrets and waste rooms of his dwelling, the packages and bales. This business occupied the greater part of the day, and although the indefatigable master staid up the whole night to guard against mishaps, he could not be every where, nor secure from the negligence of others. A tired and

careless workman left a lighted candle in a dangerous position. The family having, as they thought, taken every measure of security, went to bed; the flames burst out; they defied all the efforts of the neighbourhood to extinguish them. Insurance offices against fire were then unknown in France; and the next morning Mr. Suberville, his wife and family, were without house, or factory, or fortune—utterly ruined.

Utter ruin, like all other phrases the signification of which has a retrospective application, must be taken in relation to former circumstances, and means here *comparative* ruin. Mr. Suberville was not reduced to beggary; for, on winding up his accounts, which, to his accurate and cool mind, was, even in his circumstances, a short task, he found that his long savings in trade would pay all his creditors, and leave him a sum producing about one hundred pounds sterling yearly interest. His chief wealth being his factory and its machinery, with his valuable

house and its contents., was lost beyond redemption.

In the shelter offered to him and his family in the residence of his next neighbour, and even in sight of the blackened and smoking walls of the factory where he had made his fortune, and of the dwelling where he had so long enjoyed it, — even there he arranged the whole statement of his affairs, with a composure and promptness almost incredible. He took this cruel blow with the serenity which always passes for philosophy, but which is not always entitled to that sublime epithet. There is a constitutional stillness of feeling, which, though it do not degenerate into actual stagnation, approaches it in some men very nearly. A mind buried among the bleak and barren heights of commercial calculations, may be compared to a lake embosomed in lofty mountains, that throw at once their shelter and their shadow upon its surface. Emotions flutter round the one, as the winds blow round the

other, but both rest unruffled by the blast. These exceptions to the general course of humanity and nature are, in themselves, as rare as they are unlovely; and we seldom see, in our species, or in our travels, a mind or a lake so thoroughly isolated, that some opening is not to be found for the charities of life or the airs of heaven. This opening in the mind of Mr. Suberville was formed by his affection for Leonie, for he loved this adopted daughter fully as well as if she had been his own. Beyond that attachment he had no strong feelings of the heart. He was a man of unyielding probity, of a strict sense of honor, of great decorum of manners and conduct; but he had none of the softnesses of nature. He long loved his brother—as well as any other man; and when they quarrelled he disliked him as much—no more. He had many friends, but not one friendship. He was utterly insensible to the warmth, the enthusiasm, the *extravagance* (if we may speak truly) implied in that word.

He had often conferred benefits, but never inspired a feeling of gratitude. If he offered the warm cup of hospitality to his guests, he was sure in the sequel to dash it with ice. If he lent money, he lent it with an air of coldness. If he refused it, the refusal was softened down by no expression of regret. If the debt were paid, he put the money in his pocket. If lost, he drove the transaction from his mind.

A man like this can never inspire general affection, but he may excite a great deal of regard. Probity and judgment are qualities so valuable, that the world passes over in their favour many defects in what are called feelings of the heart, and eems to consider the misfortunes of their possessors as so many special acts of injustice on the part of Fate; while many men give their sympathy to such sufferers as a sort of propitiation to destiny to keep the evil from themselves. It was on this principle, no doubt, at least in a great measure, that on the second day

after the fatal fire, a deputation from the chief merchants of Rouen, many of them creditors of Mr. Suberville, came out to offer him pecuniary assistance to any amount, even to the full extent of repairing all his losses, and establishing him again completely. He was struck by this generous proof of esteem, but it failed to move him; and he calmly refused it, on the score of his declining age, which unfitted him at once for the renewed exertion of trade, and for bearing the burden of so weighty an obligation.

While Leonie, who was present at this scene, reflected on Mr. Suberville's conduct, he broke the seal of a letter which was just put into his hands. "Ah," said he, glancing over it, and throwing it on the table, "it is too late!" Leonie looked at it, and saw it was from Mr. Mowbray. A rush of pleasure seemed to fill her heart, which a moment before had felt like a void. She asked permission to look at it. Mr. Suberville nodded a silent assent, and she read the postscript.

"Je pense toujours àma chère petite Leonie, et j'espère de faire sa connoissance un jour.

"*Edward Mowbray.*"

"Ah, my dear papa," cried Leonie, her eyes filling with tears once more, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure, "ah, here at all events is a friend that loves you, and will sympathize with us. I don't speak of Edward—I was not thinking of him at all—I mean Mr. Mowbray—now you don't suppose I meant the son?"

"How could you, my dear, when he does not know you? You give me a supposition which I could not have conceived—so take care, my dear child, think before you speak always."

"So I do, papa; and I think, and will say that Mr. Mowbray will immediately write to you like a warm-hearted generous friend, making you just the same kind of offers as the Rouen merchants, only doing it in a way that will more strongly prove his affection."

"We shall see," was the reply; and Leonie

then went to visit Madame Suberville, who had never quitted her bed since the fire, but was constantly attended by Doctor Glautte, and, by getting daily worse, proving the intimate connection between cause and effect. Mr. Suberville sat down on the spot to reply to Mr. Mowbray, to countermand a fresh order which he had lately sent for another supply of cotton, and to announce at once the payment of the bills for the last unlucky consignment, and the misfortune of which it was the cause.

His next occupation was to write officially to the government, stating briefly his change of circumstances, and requesting, in consequence, that he might be permitted to resign his office of mayor, in favour of some one more suited to maintain it with distinction. This business being arranged, he paid a visit to his wife's apartment, took Glautte aside, and communicated to him, as his coadjutor, the step he had taken, and then went early to the *Bureau* to sign some papers, and see that Faussecopie took no

advantage of the posture of his affairs to play any tricks. As he left the Bureau again, to make final arrangements for a new residence and future measures, he met Glautte, walking less slowly than usual towards the place he came from. There was something he thought very unusual in that, and still more in the air of the doctor's countenance, which was something at once brisk and abstracted, but the latter expression preponderated so much, that he passed Mr. Suberville in the narrow street of the village without seeing him, and marched straight into the house where the Bureau was held, without ever once striking (as was his wont) his cane in a pestle-like motion against the ground, to give a mingled official and professional notice of his coming.

As Mr. Suberville walked towards his temporary home, Glautte entered the little room where Faussecopie was writing, and having carefully closed the door, put his cane in a corner, seated himself, and having taken a pinch of snuff, and condescendingly offered another to the wily

clerk, he cautiously, in a half whisper, informed him of Mr. Suberville's resignation of his office. This was a matter of surprise and great joy to Faussecopie, for the uncompromising integrity and sleepless energy of the mayor had been long a heart-rending check on his passion for mal-practice. Glautte expressed to him his certainty that Mr. Benoist, a neighbour of Mr. Suberville's, would be appointed his successor, and his object was now to consult with his friend François on the best means of coming round that gentleman, so as to secure his own confirmation in the office of adjoint.

Faussecopie, with his usual acuteness, saw, in an instant glance, all the advantages to be made of the present state of affairs. There never was a man so perfectly suited to be an instrument in the hands of such a knave as was our friend Doctor Glautte; and Faussecopie's immediate notion was to make him apply to be himself appointed successor to Mr. Suberville, making the prospective engagement to reward his adviser

with the situation of adjoint. Here he knew he would be most fully his superior's master, and without any hesitation he developed his proposal. Glautte was quite "*flambé*" (to use his favorite phrase) at this startling proposition. His ambition, or self-confidence, had never soared so high. He hemmed, and hawed, and hesitated, and rolled his eyes, while Faussecopie, not heeding his embarrassment, sketched a petition to the minister of the interior, which, in addition to the notorious lie that Glautte had for years performed the duties of the office, threw a sort of side-winded imputation on Mr. Suberville's present capability, couched in the language of regret at his friend's misfortune having seriously affected his health, and robbed him of the mental vigour for which he had been formerly distinguished. The petition ended with most overwhelming professions of homage and devotion to the emperor, his imperial and royal house and dynasty. Faussecopie thrust this up before the face of the bewildered doctor, whose eyes started

forward, in their usual odd way when any thing roused him suddenly from a state of more than common stupidity. He read the sketch, and approved of it; and, by the desire of his adviser, he wrote in his least illegible hand a fair copy, which was put into the post office, and forwarded by the same courier that carried Mr. Suberville's proposal of resignation. No sooner was this first step taken, than Glautte believed himself possessed of all that it was meant to lead to; he held himself up twice as stiffly as before, stamped his cane on the ground ten times as consequentially, put his solitary gold ear-ring forward with a more determined air, called François Faussecopie his best friend and the author of his elevation, dropped off from his visits to Madame Suberville, and treated with total neglect his old friend and steady benefactor. The immediate consequences arising from all this were, his former patient getting perfectly well, and his old patron being greatly disgusted.

This odious instance of dull ingratitude had a striking contrast in the volatile disinterestedness of De Choufleur. His first impulse on hearing of the destructive fire, while it yet raged the morning after its out-bursting, was to jump out of bed in his shirt, and fly off "accoutred as he was" to the scene of action, with his imagination all full of flames, and shrieks, and ladders, buckets of water, incredible exertions, fainting fits, and—Leonie. But on a moment's reflection, he hastily equipped himself in his every day suit of brown camblet, and hurried off to the Vale. As he approached it, he saw the appalling prospect of a conflagration by daylight; and that is the moment to witness such a scene in its most hideous aspect—when the splendid bursts of flame have no ground-work in the darkness of night, and do not clothe surrounding objects in tints of fantastic wildness; but when a dreary blaze is looking sickly in the brightness of morning, and the desolate ruin staring out in plain and harrowing deformity.

Heaven knows how Monsieur Hippolite considered it, but for my own part I confess that a burning at night has ever been to me an object of excitement rather than sorrow, while such a scene in day time always filled me with a just and heavy sense of the calamity.

Poor De Choufleur was sadly grieved and grievously sad to learn that Leonie had already escaped—and, what was worse, that she had quietly walked out of the house by the kitchen door. "Oh," cried he, "that she had at least been flung senseless out of a garret window, and caught in a blanket or a feather-bed!" Undignified, however, as was the mode of her escape, he was still more hurt to find that he had not the least chance of seeing her. The gentleman in whose house she was sheltered, prohibited every attempt at disturbing her or Madame Suberville; and as for the husband, Hippolite never dared venture to approach him in his calmest hours, but in a moment like this it was impossible. All that was left to him was to

wander about the desolate premises all the day, and all the night too, searching among the cinders and rubbish for any little relic of Leonie's property, and happy beyond all expression at finding a silver thimble, a needle case, a half-consumed shoe, and a ribbon sash (like all her habiliments, white) all of which he recognised, with the sharpness of a lover's eye, as having formerly belonged to her. These he carefully collected and folded up in his checked cotton pocket handkerchief, ready to stow away in the depository of all his other valuables—the satin-wood casket. His great solicitude about the burning house, and his frequent enquiries touched Mr. Suberville, who had not failed to observe his movements in the midst of all the bustle.

While Hippolite seemed taking a last lingering look at the gaping cavity which once contained the window of Leonie's room, and just as he prepared to set out for Rouen after four-and-twenty hours searching and fasting, Mr. Suber-

ville, having looked for some moments on his woe-begone countenance, addressed him in a manner approaching something more towards cordiality than anything Hippolite had ever received from him. The latter was too guileless to make the mistake that a more knowing fool would have infallibly made, and take Mr. Suberville's tone for the sound of an humbled spirit. Hippolite only heard the voice of Leonie's papa, and forgot all other circumstances in his joy. An invitation to come in and breakfast quite took away his appetite—for the moment. He accepted it with tears in his eyes, and tremblingly proposed that Mr. Suberville would "suffer him to continue his attendance on Mademoiselle Leonie, without any remuneration but the deep, *deep*, DEEP happiness such service afforded him."

Mr. Suberville, never dreaming of the tender sentiments which urged on this generous offer, held out his hand to Hippolite, who seized upon it, and pressed it between both of his to his heart, as he entered the house with his inviter.

On reaching the little room appropriated to the use of Mr. Suberville, and where Leonie was seated preparing his coffee, poor Hippolite could no longer contain his emotion. It burst through every sluice of feeling, and, dropping down on his knees at Leonie's feet, he caught her hand, which he kissed with a frenzied air, sobbing and blubbering like a newly-whipped school-boy. Although the scene was the very acme of the ludicrous, neither Leonie nor Mr. Suberville could witness it without being affected, according to their various gradations of sensibility. Our heroine could not smile any more than weep, but she begged Hippolite to rise, with expressions of heartfelt gratitude for his sympathy; while Mr. Suberville poured out a hot bowl of *café au lait*, and heaped a plate with huge slices of a large *saucisson*, which bore, he thought, a strong analogy to the fulness of De Choufleur's feelings, and formed the most appropriate relief to the emptiness of his stomach. The enraptured Hippolite had never felt so happy or so

hungry. His appetite and his delight seemed both to return, and to grow on what they fed on. He ate, and drank, and looked, and sighed, and ate and drank again; and to crown all, he was assured of continuing his lessons to Leonie, though not exactly on his own terms.

CHAPTER VII.

The preparations for Mr. Suberville's change of residence were soon completed. He hired a large and long-deserted house, which, with its surrounding paddock and dependencies, bore the name of Le Vallon, being situated low down in the valley, at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the village close to which he had lately lived. This house being the former residence of an emigrant nobleman, and in part dilapidated, was procured at a merely nominal rent; but several rooms were in a very good state, so that it was precisely suited to the wants of its new occupants. To furnish a French country house is, in the best circumstances, an unexpensive affair to the proprietor, but in those of Mr. Sub-

erville it cost little or nothing. A few rush-bottomed cherry-tree chairs, some walnut-wood tables, bedsteads of the same material, with the minor household matters of rough workmanship, and all bought in Rouen at second-hand,—and the thing was complete. The large and lofty apartments thus scantily and meanly garnished, were dismal enough, and were made more so by the desolate ideas of former grandeur which the gilded window-panels, decorated ceilings, and marble mantel-pieces brought to mind. In many places the walls had become damp, and the rich paper hung loosely here and there upon them. In others, large faded marks shewed the site of rifled pictures, and again, wide blanks, which were once covered by immense looking-glasses, stared nakedly on the common observer, and spoke broadly to the moralist.

This was a comfortless contrast to the warm and wealthy air that breathed in the mansion where Mr. Suberville had passed the best of his days, and Leonie all those of which she had any

memory. Yet both one and the other, though so widely differing in character, were almost instantly reconciled to the change: he from his phlegmatic, and she from her romantic turn. He was somewhat of a fatalist—she a great deal of an enthusiast. That it was fate was enough for him—its being *change* was to her every thing. But while they rather enjoyed, or at least did not suffer from this alteration, they took especial care that she to whom it would have been dreadful, was kept comparatively ignorant of its extent as well as its cause. Poor Madame Suberville got a serious shock by the sight of the fire; and had she known all its mischief, that shock might have been fatal. But those about her were studious to let her know only a part of the loss; and when she was carefully removed from the house where she was first sheltered, to the new residence which I have just described, she perceived no alteration that could speak too plainly. She was carried up to the chamber chosen for her by her husband

and Leonie, and there she found almost every one of the appearances to which she had been so long accustomed.

Thus the nervous invalid found herself, as it were, again at home; and in looking round her chamber and her cabinet, and observing Mr. Suberville's calm, and Leonie's contented face, she received an assurance of good luck more powerful towards her recovery than Glautte's prescriptions had been towards her illness. De Choufleur re-commenced his daily attendance on his pupil, in whose good graces, as well as her guardian's, he had gained a very steady footing; and he regularly received, in spite of his remonstrances and protests, the same daily payment for his visits which he had had from the first.

Things thus went quietly on, Mr. Suberville still strictly fulfilling the duties of mayor, having got an order from the minister, by return of the post which carried his offer of resignation, to continue in the office until proper measures could be taken to enable the government to act upon

his communication. He made known this despatch to Glautte officially by letter, having, in his peculiar cool and determined way, resolved never to hold the least further communication with that bloated doctor and false friend, although he only knew of his abandonment, and not his treachery.

A good many of the neighbours continued to pay very kind attentions to the Subervilles; but among the few who ceased even their inquiries, after one first and last visit of condolence and curiosity, was the sister-in-law, the captain's widow, and mother of Alfred. She found, all of a sudden, insurmountable difficulties in the distance between Rouen and the Vale—had everlasting headaches, toothaches, and nervous attacks, and what was worse, she was doing all she could to infect her son with some or all of those various maladies. But he was an honest-hearted fellow, and despised her shuffling. He had very nearly told her so, on assuring her of his resolution never to neglect his aunt and uncle, and never to cease

loving his cousin Leonie. His mother, for the first time in her life, objected to his calling her *cousin*, but started back with horror at hearing *him* ask, for the first time in his life, "What would she think if he took a notion of calling her *wife?*" She knew he was a sturdy and self-willed fellow, and she being a wily woman, smiled, kissed him, and told him to follow his own fancy. He accordingly went oftener than ever to the Vale, and was received with as warm a welcome as before.

It was now a fortnight after the fire. Leonie was within two days of the completion of her fifteenth year, and with it, as my readers will no doubt recollect, of the term of that vow which devoted her to the Virgin and a white costume. A month back, a release from these obligations had been to her a matter of considerable interest, and some anxiety. She looked forward to it as a new epoch in her life—as her entrance into the world, and her participation in all its joys. Balls, theatres, concerts, from all of which she had

been hitherto proscribed, were mingled before her fancy in bewildering confusion, and her head was filled with an imagined wardrobe of as many colours as the prism's, and a round of pleasures as bright as sun-beams, and as shifting as the winds. But the conflagration that consumed all Mr. Suberville's wealth, seemed wholly to have changed the notion which Leonie had begun to conceive upon the subject. As the time came on she felt languid and listless, wept and sighed, she could not tell why, and wished the moment protracted, she knew not wherefore. Secluded as she had hitherto been from the world, she trembled as she actually approached its wide arena; and she felt like the bird, which, born and nurtured in a cage, seems to throw a longing eye upon the open flights of liberty, yet flutters, as if in affection, on the threshold of his prison.

Madame Suberville, too, began to get very unquiet on this occasion. An excessive devotion

had taken such hold of her mind, that she saw in every thing which passed around her some sort of connection with supernatural alliances and superstitious rites, and her veneration for the Virgin herself was almost inferior to that which she felt for her more peculiar patroness, Saint Ursula. She had therefore, without any hesitation, adopted the belief that the unfortunate fire was deeply connected with Leonie's approaching absolution from her infantine vow, not as a punishment for any fault of her's or her parents, but as an ominous warning against the evils which awaited her entrance into life. Impressed fully with this idea, and taking a less irrational view of the altered state of Leonie's immediate prospects, (though ignorant of their extensive change,) she had formed the ardent wish that her husband and adopted daughter would consent to the latter's solemnly renewing her vow, for the period of five additional years; thereby securing to herself the certainty of Divine protection, and throwing an

antagonist charm, if I may so express it, to counteract the dangers which those she already possessed were likely to attract towards her.

It is not necessary to dwell on the means which she took to impress all this upon her husband. It is enough to say that he coincided in all the rational part of her reasoning, and strengthened it by many powerful suggestions from his own clear understanding. Leonie received the proposition with delight; and the very morning that was to have witnessed her enfranchisement, saw her rivet her chains anew in the neighbouring church.

She was attended by Mr. Suberville, and a female friend, who officiated as her mother during the short and simple ceremony; and when she returned to the house, light in spirits, and gay in heart, Madame Suberville wept over her as she gave her her blessing, and said she felt assured that good luck must be the consequence of this pious and virtuous deed.

That very morning the courier brought a let-

ter to Mr. Suberville, while he was in his office at the Mairie, bearing the minister's seal; and on opening it, in expectation of receiving the confirmation of his removal from his situation, he read an order to continue in the office of mayor, with a testimonial of the emperor's satisfaction, in his nomination to the Legion of Honour, and the announcement of a pension of three thousand francs a year,—and a copy of Dr. Glautte's petition was enclosed.

Mr. Suberville read the letter twice over. He was decidedly gratified by its contents; for he was sensible of the value of emolument and distinction at the present moment. He handed the despatch to Faussecopie, with orders to insert it in the registers of the office; and while the astonished, but self-commanding clerk perused and wondered at what was before his eyes, Mr. Suberville coolly opened the pacquet containing the insignia of the order of honour, which had been transmitted by the prefect of the department, accompanied by a most flattering congratulatory

letter. He then calmly tied the ribbon to his button-hole, not from vanity, but from respect to the authority that invested him with the distinction; and while he sat with his usual quiet countenance at his desk in the inner Bureau, Glautte (having heard at the post-office that despatches had arrived for the mayor and himself, and that a pacquet had also been forwarded from the prefect, bearing the seals of the Bureau of the Legion of Honour) came bustling into the outer room, breathless from speed and anxiety, and a pale hue of agitation blending with the purple suffusion of his cheeks. "Make way there, make way!" cried he, shoving to the right and left some petitioners for justice, or wanton litigants, as the case might be, plenty of whom are to be always seen in the Bureau of a magistrate in Normandy. Having arrived at Faussecopie's desk, he was rather surprised at the cold air with which this confidential friend looked up at him for an instant, and then down again on the paper he seemed copying. "Why,

Mr. Faussecopie," exclaimed he, in an authoritative tone, " you appear to have forgotten who I am." " No, no, my dear Doctor," answered François; " you are, I believe, nothing more nor less than what you were yesterday."

" We shall see that," cried Glautte, seizing the letter which bore his address.

" To Monsieur,

" The Doctor Glautte,

"At the Mairie of the Three Villages."

Glautte thought this a rather informal way of addressing a newly appointed mayor, and probably a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, for he was filled with the certainty of the first dignity, and the likelihood of the latter; and his mind being so made up, that was its sticking-place. He opened the despatch, and read as follows, from the same minister that wrote to Mr. Superville:—

"Sir,

"Your petition has reached me, and I have to inform you in reply, that from this date his majesty, the Emperor, dispenses with your services as adjoint of the mayor Suberville.

"I am,

&c &c. &c."

Need I describe the doctor, as he sank into a chair, his eyes rivetted on the fatal paper? or the malicious grin on the devilish countenance of Faussecopie, while he read it over Glautte's shoulder? or the stare of amazement from the surrounding peasants, who thought the doctor had got a stroke of apoplexy? or the chill glance of contempt which Mr. Suberville threw upon him, as he passed at the moment from his office? or Glautte's reviving start of horror, when he saw the volume-speaking decoration dangling from the button-hole of the mayor?

I feel almost inclined, however, to dwell in this place, on the policy as well as the justice (which are

perhaps synonymous terms)of this conduct on the part of Napoleon, and the proof which it affords that, though ruling France with an iron hand, he knew so well how to cover it with a glove of velvet. It was just at this period that his designs against the commercial interests of England were assuming something of feasibility; that every thing which could encourage or do honor to the manufactures of France was a matter of utmost moment; and it was then also, that in his projects of gigantic aggression he sought a resting-place for the lever with which he hoped to move the moral, as Archimedes believed himself able to raise the physical world. That resting-place Napoleon thought he possessed in the enthusiastic attachment of his people; but while labouring to lay the firm foundation, he found that it was crushed even by the weight of the glory he meant it to support. In furtherance of his system, he had made minute inquiries into Mr. Suberville's situation and character; and, in re-

warding his services as they deserved, he secured a steady and faithful adherent to his cause.

Passing, however, from such contemplations as these, I must turn to the minor effects produced on Monsieur, the Doctor Glautte. He, it must be understood, had been always a violent admirer of Napoleon, and a determined hater of the ruined dynasty. In the early spring of the republic, he had been a perfect Roman of the better days of Rome. When General Bonaparte became an emperor, citizen Glautte became an Aristocrat; and as the one grew from greatness into despotism, the other followed the parallel course from independence into slavery. But matters were now utterly changed. This one act, coming home to himself, turned him at once into an inveterate enemy of the mighty master he had before idolized; and the imperial tree which thus shook a harmless insect from one of its branches, had reason soon afterwards to feel, during the storm-gusts that bent it to the earth,

that the reptile had fastened on it again, and was eating into its very heart.

When Glautte recovered from his downfall, which was magnified by the imagined height of his pinnacle, he looked for commiseration, at least, from his accomplice Faussecopie. The latter gave him only scorn instead of pity; and paid to Mr. Suberville an increasing portion of respect and assiduity, that would have been perfect homage, had its object been likely to take pride in its degrading expressions. Faussecopie's dearest and nearest wish was, to obtain for himself promotion into the place from which his ingenuity had ousted Glautte; but this hope was quickly destroyed, by Mr. Suberville's announcement to the minister, that, being now freed from the laborious occupation of his former life, he would devote his whole time to the duties of the office, thereby rendering the assistance of an adjoint totally unnecessary. This arrangement met with full approbation at head-quarters, and Mr. Suberville thus gained a trifling addition to

his former emoluments, and secured the best performance to all the business of his situation. Faussecopie, although he relaxed a little in his devoted attentions, still did the duties of his station so as to leave no room for complaint; and lay by, as it were, for that tide in his affairs, which he saw had not yet reached high-water-mark. Glautte, though he lost his place, and with it a great deal of his professional practice, was still able, from his long savings, and penurious habits, to live too well for such a man. He brooded over his resentments and disgrace; and muttered threats and hints, too low for any echo, and too vague for any object. With his neighbours he sank into utter neglect and scorn.

When Madame Suberville heard of her husband's confirmation in his office of mayor, his increased salary, and new honors, she dropped down on her knees, and thanked Saint Ursula; and she protested that every thing was owing to Leonie's having renewed, or rather remodelled, her vow. Leonie, without actually believing

this, could not divest herself of the notion that Heaven was not displeased at the act; and she was thus made still happier in the step she had taken. Madame Suberville junior was delighted at it, as well as at the renewed brightness of the prospects of her brother the chevalier (as she now always called him), knowing that the vow secured Leonie's celibacy for five years to come, and thereby prevented her son Alfred from doing a foolish thing; while the Emperor's evident favour might lead to the Chevalier's further promotion, and make an eventual marriage with Leonie the very wisest thing that Alfred could effect. One would have thought that the roads had been all suddenly re-made, or her constitution wholly changed; for obstacles vanished before her visits now, in proportion to their former accumulation. This made no alteration in the inhabitants of the Vale; and Alfred went on his old course, steadily attached to his *relatives*, old and young, but not one atom more in love with

Leonie from any of the recent changes she had experienced.

Not so Monsieur Hippolite. Every event either of good or evil, every wind fair or foul, seemed to fix the sentiment and blow the flame that was at once devouring and burning his unhappy heart. Leonie had now become accustomed to his extravagance, and without knowing rightly what it meant, she was greatly entertained with its display. De Choufleur never offered an avowal of his actual passion; Alfred kept up the joke without suffering it to go too far; Mr. Suberville found Hippolite a lively substitute for Glautte his former hanger-on; he was a relief altogether to the monotony of the scene; and he became almost a part of the family; not injuring, if he failed to improve, the amazing strides made by his pupil in her favorite study.

In four or five months, as soon in fact as it could arrive, Mr. Suberville had a letter from

Philadelphia, which, though written in English, he supposed to be an answer from Mr. Mowbray to the letter which he wrote to him relative to the fire. He produced this to Leonie for translation, and she very readily put into French the following epistle.

Philadelphia, May 28th, 1811.

Mr. Jules Suberville.

Sir,

I am desired by Mr. Mowbray, my employer, who is prevented by business from writing himself, to say that yours of March 16th came duly to hand. He is sorry for your misfortune, and will not forward the 550 bales of Cotton as per order. He guesses your health must be disordered at the same time, for which he is equally sorry.

And am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

for Joseph Mowbray and Son,

Ebenezer Woodroofe.

Mr. Suberville smiled at this laconic communication, translated pretty literally and in a faultering voice by Leonie. She examined every fold, inside and out, for the postscript, but found none, nor any intimation whatever of Edward's existence but the word "Son," which shewed clearly that he was now included as a partner in his father's house. She wondered at first at this altered tone of correspondence; but soon accounted for it by a thousand causes connected with Edward's entrance into business, and others as likely. Mr. Suberville saw at once that it was a connection the less—and he thought no more of it.

The sufficiency of his income, his frugal habits, and well formed plans on either a large or small scale, ensured a great degree of rational comfort to Mr. Suberville, in those circumstances which he had now no hope of bettering and little fear of seeing further reduced. For himself he was quite content, and for his wife as well. The great object of his cares was Leonie, and she had every thing necessary for her own moderate

station in life. The wild aspect of the house began to be modified, as additional articles of furniture came in, or the eye from being accustomed to the scene became gradually suited to its dimensions. The garden, which was lately the deserted emblem of aristocratic ruin, was put into order; its long alleys retrimmed, its terrace newly decorated with shrubs and flowers, its fish-pond cleaned out and stocked again, its *jet d'eau* restored, its walks regravelled—and altogether the whole place was acquiring a modernized and cheerful air. Three years thus passed on, in a monotony of movement, but not unpleasingly. The calm was unbroken in upon by any event worth recording; until the whole world was shaken by the fall of the most colossal of its masters,—when the Vale of the Three Villages vibrated to the shock.

CHAPTER VIII.

The great political events of the year 1814 need not be recalled to mind. They must be quite fresh in the memory of most men, and particularly those who have been in any way connected with the nation where they principally took place. While those astounding transactions were only known in their breadth and magnitude to the other countries of Europe, France was naturally doomed to feel in her remotest corners the desolating details which followed in their course. Having, however, on a former occasion alluded generally to their effects, I have now only to revert to them as they made themselves evident in the narrow circle of our acquaintance in the Three Villages.

Just previously to the actual dethronement of Napoleon, all the efforts of zeal and artifices of

intrigue were secretly put forward to make converts to the almost forgotten cause of Bourbonism in France. It was not till the country was forced to acknowledge the ruin of all hope as connected with the imperial sway, that its eyes seemed to open all at once to the necessity of removing the man who from being its glory had become its scourge; and of replacing him by the remote and little thought of race, whose fitness to such a distinction was not so much founded on claims of right as on the certainty that if a change was to be, they were the persons most likely to ensure its quiet establishment. On this principle the great majority of the rational part of France were promptly united in support of Louis XVIII.; but before it was completely developed to the country, many worthless instruments were set at work, and many amusing facts took place.

In the whole range of the little district immediately under our present observation, the only boldly avowed Royalist was Monsieur Hippolite Emmanuel Narcisse de Choufleur. He had

been through thick and thin, in conquest and defeat, greatness and littleness, an openmouthed reviler of Bonaparte and upholder of the Bourbons. Every thing in which the name of Napoleon mixed appeared discoloured in the eyes of De Choufleur; but this prejudiced insanity found very few parallels in France, and made its possessor only an object of general ridicule. A man so devoted to his own cause and so despised by its opponents, was a very good instrument, notwithstanding, when the cause began to flourish. Any secret entrusted to such a depositary was not likely to be sought for, and if voluntarily revealed would create but little attention. Such was the reasoning of the Bourbon emissaries, and right glad were they to find so faithful and ready-made a partizan in a place where they had so little hopes of gaining a proselyte.

I am not prepared to state the actual contract entered into with De Choufleur, or the minute instructions given to him on this occasion; but it is certain that he soon began to beat up for recruits, and that the first promising youth he

fixed on for an ally was no other than the growling and grumbling Doctor Glautte.

Glautte was soon gained over to the good cause, for he met the tempter more than half-way. What might have been the inducements held forth will probably remain a secret for ever. They were certainly sufficient to make the Doctor a zealous advocate of legitimacy; and he, in conjunction with De Choufleur, about the period of the invasion of the country by the allied powers, in the spring of the memorable year to which my attention is now fixed, began a course of desultory lectures on the merits of the Bourbons, wherever an audience was to be found, as at the public houses, the barbers' shops, the bleach-greens, or the little circulating library. These sapient coadjutors were thus the source whence the muddy stream of Royalism began to run, but which flowed filtering along through the good sense and rational discussion of the people, until it became at length a current of clear and pure propriety.

A sudden burst of Bourbonism in the South of France decided the question. This feeling rushed like flame across the whole face of the country; and was irresistible, when backed by five hundred thousand bayonets, and the indignant strength of long-outraged Europe to urge them on. The mighty trampler of those freeborn rights by which he had been raised, fell from the throne he knew not how to dignify, and saw crumble into dust that power, which it required no common ingenuity of analytical misrule to decompose. The little triumph of Hippolite and Glautte was complete; but to give utterance to it, a more skilful penman than either of them was required. As they propounded to each other the momentous question of "Who must word our proclamation, and our address to the King?" they reciprocally answered "Who but Faussecopie!" It was true that he had been united with Mr. Suberville his superior, for some time past employed in the most strenuous efforts to keep up the failing loyalty of the Commune to the

sinking house of Bonaparte. Eloquence, and reasoning, and promises, and threats had flowed from the ready pen of Faussecopie in most copious discharges; but luckily for him, the very day previous to the final decision, and to Louis being proclaimed King, the associate actors in the village revolution addressed him on the subject of their embarrassment, and put things to him in so strong and striking a point of view, that he (happening to know from official communications that the game was all up) came over to their demands, and drew up the required papers, in a strain of most fulsome Bourbonism and flattery, receiving the positive promise from the joint agents, that he was to participate in whatever honors or rewards might come to their share.

Preparations being thus made, the white flag was hoisted in the village, under the auspices of the triumvirate, and in defiance of Mr. Suberville's efforts, his life being loudly threatened by the consistent populace. Announcements of the restoration were dispersed, the Mayor and other

recusant functionaries were suspended; and that important office in the affairs of our villages was conferred, *pro tempore*, on Monsieur the Doctor Glautte, who instantly appointed for his adjoint his worthy and loyal friend, Faussecopie. As for Hippolite, his honors were only in the bud, but he got immediate assurances of ample reward, and thus ended the revolution of the Three Villages.

Here then was another serious alteration in the affairs of Mr. Suberville. He was now positively reduced to his one hundred pounds a year, for all the emoluments arising from his office, with the pension attached to it, were irrevocably gone. He had still, however, his presence of mind, and the decoration of honor; capability to meet the change, and a proud consciousness of having merited better fortune in his old age. To work he however went with the necessary retrenchments; and a system of the most rigid domestic economy was arranged with Leonie, who was now in her eighteenth year, and quite

fit to bear a part in all such councils as Mr. Suberville had formerly been in the habit of holding with his wife. She, poor woman, was getting quite superannuated, notwithstanding the vivifying effects on her health, which had been consequent on the non-attendance of Glautte. She still bustled about a little—aired the linen, fed the poultry, et cetera; but for the serious management of the house, every thing devolved on Leonie.

Mr. Suberville had many overtures made to him from the new-formed friends of the restored dynasty, with strong assurance, that if he joined with the dominant party, and gave his influence in the neighbourhood to promote the security of the Bourbons, he might count on almost any recompence which liberality and gratitude could bestow. But he invariably declined all interference in public concerns. He had felt it to be his duty to adhere inflexibly to the cause of his benefactor the Emperor, while that cause had a shadow of hope; for he knew how often political

success depended on the turn of a hair. He saw and lamented the aberrations of the magnificent spirit which possessed all the grandeur fitting a conqueror of the world, but not the goodness worthy of the ruler of mankind. When Napoleon fell, Mr. Suberville was as well convinced as any one that Louis was the person by whom he ought to be succeeded; and he fervently hoped that this monarch had learned in adversity deep lessons of wisdom. As to dynasties, he held none in any particular reverence. He calculated that they all, like private families, offered the same certainty of fools and knaves, and the same chance of honest and wise men. A Bourbon or a Bonaparte was, therefore, all the same to him, provided they governed equally well for the happiness of the country. But personal feelings of gratitude attached him to Napoleon, and while wishing a peaceful reign to his successor, he was resolved never to take an active part in any of the political events that followed the Emperor's fall. He, therefore, and

from his reduced income, lived more secluded than ever, enjoying only his favourite sport of shooting, accompanied by his steady old pointer, Flore, who was, beside Leonie, almost his only companion. He had not quite discarded De Choufleur, but had been rather gratified than the contrary, by the spirit of fidelity which he had displayed. He was made a little sore one morning, no doubt, at Hippolite's being announced by the servant-maid, "*Le Chevalier* de Choufleur;" and he felt a momentary sentiment like indignation, at seeing the very counterpart of his own ribbon attached to Hippolite's button-hole. But this sensation subsided in a moment. Mr. Suberville felt it was just that government should reward their friends; and he turned his attention, and with great pleasure, from the ribbon to the coat, which, with the whole accompaniments of his dress, told a plain tale of prosperity and comparative wealth on the part of its wearer. The fact was, that independently of the honor conferred on De Choufleur, he had

got a handsome gratuity in ready money, and a place connected with the customs, which gave him a revenue of two thousand francs a year, with a house and garden rent-free, situated towards the sea-coast, a few miles from Le Vallon; and besides some extra perquisites arising from this place, it was offered to him as only a stepping-stone from his former lowly circumstances, to a situation of much higher value. Who then so gay as Hippolite? Where was to be seen such a handsome assortment of new nankin breeches, silk stockings, and coats of the brightest colour? Who shouted *Vive le Roi!* and *Vivent les Bourbons!* so loudly as the Chevalier de Choufleur? Who shewed such a muscular calf, or sprang so high, or cut so many capers at the Restoration balls?

It would be a less difficult task to reply to the interrogatories which I might put, as to the cause of a total change in De Choufleur's bearing towards Leonie. He no longer approached her cringingly, on tiptoe, and with fear, nor

breathed a half-muttered compliment by stealth. On the contrary, he now stepped boldly into her presence, putting forward his foot and his shoulder in reciprocal advance, and uttered broad and manifest eulogiums on her good looks and the beauty of her person. This was an alteration easily accounted for; it was the natural effect of prosperity on weakness, forcing the feelings beyond their just proportions, as a hot-bed urges a mushroom above its common growth.

Hippolite had never, during his three years' acquaintance with our heroine, conceived the most distant notion of marrying her. She seemed to him altogether in her grace, and youth, and innocence, a being of almost another sphere, and his adoration for her was like that which some Indians pay to a shadow, unconnected with any notion of the body from which it proceeds. Corporeal associations never joined themselves to his thoughts of her; and she appeared to him a pure emanation of all that was

exquisite in mortality. He felt in her presence as a worm illuminated by a moon-beam, or a mote enlightened by the sun; and this extravagance of self-humiliation continued increasing, rather than unimpaired, even till the time of Mr. Suberville's disgrace, and his own good fortune. But from the very first days of the Restoration, he began to perceive a new light break in, little by little, upon his former conceptions—and the moment that saw the order of the Legion of Honour dangling at his breast, seemed to have produced in him a total regeneration. His confidence was unbounded. He strutted off to Le Vallon, shook Mr. Suberville by the hand with an air of unprecedented freedom; threw a familiar nod at Madame; gave a patronizing smile to the maid; and addressed Leonie with an air of impassioned absurdity, which surpassed all the growing familiarities of his recent manner.

Leonie was not so insensible as not to see the drift of all this. She did perceive it, and was more than ever amused. Mr. Suberville was

not astonished, for he knew mankind; nor displeased, for he pitied its weakness. De Choufleur, therefore, met no discouragement, and in his growing boldness, was satisfied that his main object was not only seen, but approved of. "How indeed could it be otherwise?" said Hippolite to himself one day, standing upon a chair as usual, to view himself and his last new suit in the glass. "How could she withstand my three long years of delicate attention—my smooth and soft-stealing entwinements round her heart — my ardent sighs — my burning glances—the ruddy complexion of these cheeks —the vigorous *tournure* of that leg?"

He reflected on the best method to be pursued for securing the consent of Mr. Suberville to his marriage with Leonie, she being for her part, he was convinced, only anxiously waiting the proposition to jump into his arms. He accordingly resolved on consulting Faussecopie. The latter knew well that Hippolite was most egregiously deceiving himself; but he saw what

a hold such a confidential intercourse as this would be upon him; and he was determined to encourage him to the utmost. He had been some time longing for an opportunity of proposing to him an extensive scale of illicit proceedings for which his place afforded great facilities; but he was rather at a loss how to open his proposition, when Hippolite's disclosure of his designs, gave him a new chance of forming a reciprocal confidence. He smothered for awhile his own intentions; and, entering with apparent warmth into the Chevalier's designs, he pointed out the great necessity of a cautious demeanour, and a not too precipitate proposal.

As for Alfred, whom we have for some time lost sight of, he did not stand, as Faussecopie supposed, in Hippolite's way as a rival; but sooner than suffer him to marry Leonie, he would have shot him through the head. He heartily despised him as a man, and hated him as a politician; for Alfred, like the greater part of the youthful population of France, was an

enthusiastic Bonapartist, and, like many others, was rankling under all the uncomfortable feelings attendant on half pay. Soon after his uncle's establishment at Le Vallon, he had been appointed a sub-officer on board a man of war. He had made a voyage to India, where he remained some time stationed, and had just returned to France in time to be discharged with other anti-royalists; and was now giving vent to the stock of heat laid in under the tropics, in affection to his friends, and hatred to their enemies. Among the latter he of course reckoned the recreants Glautte and Faussecopie; and he only kept on decent terms with De Choufleur out of regard to his uncle's and Leonie's wishes, and for the excellent fun of quizzing him on all occasions.

Affairs thus went quietly on during the remainder of the year, and the only remarkable events in that which followed, were, the return of Bonaparte from Elba, and the worshipful mayor, Glautte, having received a paralytic

stroke. The aforesaid paralytic stroke was one of the luckiest things in the world for its temporary victim; for Glautte had, the very day previous to the attack, sketched the heads of a letter for his adjoint to fill up and forward, offering an abandonment of the Bourbon cause, a return to his old imperial principles, and a "desperate fidelity" for the future, provided he was confirmed in his place of mayor. Faussecopie, always on his guard, determined to wait the results of the first battle or two before he forwarded the "adhesion," and the opportune illness of the mayor gave him a good excuse for letting it lie over. He therefore kept it very snugly, and the emperor's final ruin justified his foresight. During the hundred days, the most flattering importunities were addressed to Mr. Superville to step into his old place; but he, seeing the very hazardous state of affairs, prudently resisted them all; and it was only owing to the hope of his accepting the office that it was suffered to remain in the possession of Glautte. There,

however, Glautte remained, and at the second return of Louis there he was confirmed, acting nominally as a magistrate, and, for form's sake, wheeled daily in his chair into the office, to doze away still more soundly than ever, during the causes which Faussecopie decided according to his own fancies, and in the name of his superior. This arch rogue was now running a full career of petty tyranny and extortion. With the bloated body of Glautte, and all its corporal responsibility between him and detection, there was no ill-doing at which he stopped short; and the system of absurd severity entered into all over the kingdom, after the issue of Napoleon's splendid but futile attempt, left considerable power in the hands of every minor tyrant. Faussecopie, among other misdeeds, had fairly drawn De Choufleur into his darling plans of cheating the revenue, and they were both deeply implicated in such malpractices, as left them quite in each other's power.

During all these proceedings, public and private, Leonie, apart from them all, had arrived at full maturity of mind and person. There never was a more analogous or more beautiful progress made by the body and the intellect. They had both gradually reached a height, a fulness, a bloom, a delicacy—all in just proportions, and rarely seen so exquisitely combined. During the three years which had elapsed since she first saw De Choufleur, she had advanced in growth until she arrived at two inches above his height, and her beaming blue eyes shot a radiance down upon him that was enough to set a-blazing much less combustible materials than he was made of. Innocence seemed to repose on her broad fair forehead, but still to leave room for the expression of deep thought, which tempered the enthusiastic expression of her half-opened lips and their bewitching smiles. Then there were her teeth, and her nose, her eyelashes, her golden hair, and Heaven knows how

many other et ceteras; these I must every one leave to the imagination of my readers, gentle and simple, for this is just such a theme as I must be cautious not to get too deep in. Her romantic flights at fifteen had become very much restrained by the good sense which

> "Grew with her growth, and strengthened with her
> strength."

If she ever now thought of the Mowbrays, it was with a smile of mixed amusement at her own childish folly, in the first instance, and of contempt for their full grown worldliness in the next. Mr. Suberville never heard of or from Philadelphia after the consolatory letter of Mr. Ebenezer Woodroofe, and he neither thought of nor cared further about the matter. But Leonie congratulated herself on one good which arose from her fancy of fifteen, namely,—that it had been the impulse to make her commence the study of English, in which language she

was now a great proficient, indeed almost perfect, with the exception of the pronunciation, which she had, like her master, as badly as possible. The acquirement of this language, which had originated in a girlish fancy, and had been hitherto viewed by her in the light of a mere accomplishment, she was now fully determined to turn to a better account. She saw with pain that the utmost efforts of economy were not sufficient to allow the indulgence of those long enjoyed comforts which had become an absolute want to Madame Suberville, who blended with her ever growing piety a considerable liking for many of the good things of life. But Mr. Suberville and Leonie's pleasure at witnessing the spiritual enjoyments of the excellent woman, was considerably damped by the conviction that her worldly indulgences must be retrenched, unless some plan could be devised for adding to their scanty income. With this view Leonie conceived the plan, and proposed to Mr. Suber-

ville, that the moment her vow expired she should become a teacher of English to such of the females of Rouen and its vicinity as might be inclined to take lessons in that now wide-spreading language. Mr. Suberville had nothing to oppose to a plan that tallied so perfectly with his notions of right; but Leonie felt that to fit herself for the undertaking, it was absolutely necessary to improve her wretched pronunciation. For this purpose she suggested to M. Suberville the idea (which he immediately put into execution, notwithstanding a strong national antipathy) of offering, through the Paris papers, board and lodging to some native of England desirous of improvement in French, in a family where the English language was well understood, though imperfectly spoken. Madame Suberville, De Choufleur, and Alfred, were all informed of, if not actually consulted on, the subject. The first of these was a quiescent approver of all her husband's and Leonie's measures. The

two latter were enraged beyond description, and strongly opposed the plan; the one from indignation at the slight cast upon himself and his knowledge of the English language, the other from hatred of every individual of the nation which effected the downfall of his idol emperor. Mr. Suberville and Leonie persisted in their intention notwithstanding; and Alfred contented himself with swearing he would insult the Englishman if any arrived at Le Vallon; while De Choufleur began a series of abuse upon the country that had formerly given him shelter, as if to prepare himself for aiding in Alfred's projected attacks. To combine their measures effectually, he taught some scraps of miserable slang reproaches to his fiery associate, such as "Milord Rosbif," "Sir Plumpudding," "Monsieur Bifteck," &c.; and besides these, a song, with which they agreed to serenade the expected interloper, the chorus of which (being the only part afterwards communicated to me) was,

De Englishman be von ver bad man,
He drinka de beer, and he breaka de cann,
He kissa de vife, and he tomp de man,
And de Englishman be von ver God dam.

This was all got by heart by the delighted Alfred, and he spent hours in rehearsing it with Hippolite.

CHAPTER IX.

The advertisement was duly forwarded to Paris for insertion; and to allow fair scope for previous enquiry as to the family, on the part of the public, it was mentioned clearly that the accommodations offered were in the house of the Ex-Maire Suberville. A week had not elapsed when a letter, signed George Wilson, arrived, stating that the writer, an English gentleman, desirous of such a situation for a few months, and being then an invalid, would present himself the following day at Mr. Suberville's; and, not speaking a word of French, he requested that some one of the family, who understood English, might be at home to receive him. The

letter contained references to a banker of the first respectability, and stated that terms were not at all an object with the writer.

The prompt success of their plans was extremely gratifying, both to Mr. Suberville and Leonie; but if any thing checked her pleasure, it was the contemplation of the cramped, crabbed, and old-fashioned hand-writing of the letter. Though wonderfully cured of her early romantic turn, she had still enough of it left to have made her form some pleasant speculations on the kind of inmate they were about to have, and she half hoped for some young, handsome, and agreeable person, qualities which she settled at once to be quite incompatible with the production of such a scrawl.

The next morning convinced her that she was not wrong, and completed her dissatisfaction. While she and Mr. and Madame Suberville were sitting at their rather homely breakfast, a post-chaise drove up to the house, and as soon as the postilion had dismounted, and the servant

maid, Lisette, approached the door, the person within prepared to get out. Leonie had had no inducement, from the style of the hand-writing, to pay any particular attention to her dress in honor of the new comer, and she appeared at the window in her neat but common morning deshabille—a white calico jacket, and a petticoat of dimity, with white cloth slippers, and a cap of unembellished muslin, under which her beautiful ringlets were all carefully tucked up. The first things she distinguished, as she looked towards the chaise, were a pair of green spectacles raised on the forehead of a man, and a pair of dark eyes glancing towards the house, from under their bushy eyebrows, out of a sallow countenance, which was surrounded by a profusion of clotted tangly black hair, and large whiskers, and his head covered with an ill-fashioned slouched hat. The next thing which struck her, was a pair of long legs, muffled up above the knees in flannel, and she plainly discovered that the gentleman was a gouty sufferer,

of (as well as she could judge from his gait, face, and coat-muffled figure) about forty years of age. Seeing how much he wanted assistance, she quite forgot all notions of the disappointment which his appearance confirmed, and proposed to Mr. Suberville that they should both go out and help him into the house. They went out accordingly, and walked down the steps, offering their assistance to Lisette and the postilion, who were helping the stranger. When he saw the reinforcement approach, he seemed to scowl at them under his spectacles, which had resumed their proper place, and threw a still more sickly tinge on his cheeks. He then gave a jerk to the arms that held him up, and stopped short, crying out "Who speaks English?"

"It is I, Saar," answered Leonie.

"Will you give me your arm, then? for this damned fellow tottering about in his big jack boots will throw both me and himself down," added he, shaking off the postilion, and taking hold of Leonie's arm.

" Wit mosh pleasure," replied she, in her naturally gracious tone.

He seemed pleased with the sound of her dulcet voice, and looked for a moment in her face. She answered the stare by a deep blush, when he turned away his eyes, and they proceeded up the steps.

" Is that your father ? " asked the stranger, pointing to Mr. Suberville.

" Dat is papa, Saar," said Leonie.

" How d'ye do, Sir ? very glad to see you," said the stranger.

" Papa does not speak Eenglish, Saar," said she, smiling.

" What nobody but you, eh ?"

" No, Saar."

" So much the better ; " and with this gruff reply he reached the parlour, where Madame Suberville had remained. He acknowledged the civil bows and short speeches of her and her husband with a nod, and, turning to Leonie, said, " What's the use of their talking to me ?

Didn't I say, in my letter, that I knew nothing of their lingo? Tell them to let me alone, will you.--What's your name, my dear?"

"Leonie, Saar."

"Humph!—What's the English for that?"

"De Eenglish, Saar? It is a proper name, 'tis de same in all languages."

"Ha! very well then, Lionie."

"L*e*onie is my name," interrupted she, smilingly.

"Well, then, Leonie, let me be shewn to my chamber, will you."

In obedience to this wish Leonie was stepping across the room to call Lisette, when she struck against the stranger's dressing case, which had been placed on the table unperceived by her. It fell on the floor close to Leonie, without touching her, however: but the stranger, who saw it fall, and appeared to think he might catch it up ere it could hurt her, sprang from his chair quite actively towards the place. Mr. Suberville, as well as she, surprised and pleased

at this proof of politeness so unsuited to his gouty appearance and gruff manners, looked at him in astonishment, but were sorry to perceive him stoop down as if he had strained his leg in the exertion, while the pain it caused seemed to have driven every drop of his blood into his sallow face. He appeared anxious to avoid the observation, as if annoyed at the exposure of his infirmity, and merely replying to Leonie's expressions of fear of his having hurt himself, by short answers of "It's nothing at all, nothing at all, now don't make a fuss,"—he hobbled up stairs, accompanied by all the family. Great pains had been taken to make his apartment comfortable, and he expressed himself quite satisfied with it, and the party retired from his room, all convinced that he was an eccentric specimen of John Bullism, but on the whole pleased with him, rather than the contrary.

Leonie felt that she had already made an immense progress in English pronunciation. She immediately perceived there was something

markedly different in the sound of many of the stranger's words, from the very same when coming from the mouth of Hippolite. "Nothing," for instance, was so unlike "Noting;" "Sir," so different from "Saar;" "English" from "Eenglish," and so forth, that her ear seemed to have been new tuned. The first thing her curiosity prompted her to, was an examination of the stranger's passport, which Mr. Suberville had caused her to demand in order to scrutinize it, and send it to the Mairie within the twenty-four hours prescribed by the law. She there saw not only his name, "George Wilson," and his height, "five feet ten inches and a half," and the colour of his complexion, but also his age, "forty-four years." This last item surprised her, for she thought he did not appear quite that, to the imperfect glances she caught of his muffled up face; but she was delighted to find him designated "Native of London," having fallen into the notion, common with the French, that London is, like Paris, the most

perfect school of pronunciation; and little thinking that a thorough-bred cockney asking "What's the *noos?*" or talking of his "*bloo* coat," (to say nothing of the horrors committed by the agency of his w's, h's, and r's) is as wide of the meridian of good pronunciation, as the Ayrshire peasant or the Tipperary turf-cutter.

While Mr. Suberville perused the recommendatory letters from the banker and a commercial house, whose signatures were quite familiar to him, Leonie busied herself about making preparations for dinner, the stranger or, (as I must now call him,) Mr. Wilson, having expressed a wish to dine in his own room, and repose himself after the fatigues of his journey. The day passed over very quietly, except on the part of the new inmate, who kept walking up and down his room till almost evening, was seen frequently at his windows, looking out with a spyglass upon the landscape; all which convinced Leonie that he possessed an intelligent and inquisitive mind, in unison with his piercing

black eyes. She was in fact determined to like him, in spite of her first prejudice, for she hoped to reap great benefit from a constant intercourse with him.

A little before dusk, Hippolite and Alfred, true to their intention, came to Le Vallon, and having ascertained that the lodger had arrived, they planted themselves under his window, aware of the room he was to occupy, and began to sing together their song,

"De Englishman be von ver bad man," &c.

They had scarcely finished the first verse when the new comer advanced to the window, which was open, and listening for awhile, and then looking sternly on the intruders, he closed the casement and walked away. So did both Alfred and De Choufleur; they came into the house, and declared to Leonie that there was something so commanding in the stranger's look, that they were utterly unable to stand his gaze or proceed in their song. They took an early

leave, and Leonie went to bed, thinking much of the odd-looking and stern-glancing new comer.

In the morning Lisette brought her a neat billet from Mr. Wilson, written in the same crabbed hand with the letter, requesting that she would favour him with her company for a few turns in the garden after breakfast, which he begged to have in his own room. She gave a ready assent, and about twelve o'clock she heard him come hobbling down stairs with Lisette, wrapped up just as he was the day before, although the sun shone in all its brilliancy. Leonie had paid a much greater attention to her toilette on this occasion than on the previous day; and when she came out of the parlour to meet her hobbling acquaintance, she looked so much more beautiful than before, in her neat cambric muslin gown, with a slight gauze *fichou* loosely tied round her neck, and her profusion of golden hair shining in the sunbeam which shot across the hall, that Mr. Wil-

son started back as her figure caught his eye, and he fixed just such a look upon her as he had done the day before, when the sweet tone of her voice seemed to penetrate to his heart. Leonie blushed now as she had done before, but she did her best to shake off her embarrassment, and offered her arm to the invalid. He took it, and leaned on it awhile, but as they walked in the garden he involuntarily, as it seemed, changed its position, drawing it gently under his, and supporting his feeble movements entirely on his stick. In this way they continued to walk up and down the long alleys, on the terrace, and occasionally reposing on the benches, until, to the utter surprise of Leonie, Lisette came to announce that it was within an hour of dinner time. They had been full three hours at their promenade! Leonie did not know which to be most surprised at, the rapid march of time, or the active movements of her companion, whose vivacity seemed to bear him up against all the effects of infirmity and fa-

tigue. He had talked and listened to her, (it seemed to her at least,) with equal pleasure, and she certainly had never talked and listened to any one with half so much enjoyment. She was so delighted to hear English spoken to her as he spoke it, with such a distinct enunciation. so marked and determined a tone, and, wonder of wonders! with such gentleness—for he did not seem the same person that he had been the day before. Then there was such good sense in all he said, and his eyes had acquired such softness! It was altogether, thought our heroine, very extraordinary indeed.

Mr. Wilson retired to his chamber to prepare for dinner, and when he appeared at the table he was as stiff and abrupt as ever. "The gout (thought Leonie) has seized on his temper as well as his ancles, and he is angry with me for having made him walk too much." But the next morning the same thing occurred. They walked again, and still closer to the dinner hour, for Lisette was obliged to summon

them twice before they re-entered the house. The third day the soup was actually on the table when they came in; and so matters went on for a fortnight.

The favourable change produced in Mr. Wilson in this short period, was very evident. Leonie appeared to have effected wonders greater than the *Eau Medicinale*; and her patient (for so he was) declared that he was a new man. He began to throw off by degrees some of his wrappings and muffings, and his figure seemed gradually to grow more upright and firm, and his face to improve so much upon acquaintance, that had it not been for his horribly sallow colour, his savage looking hair and bushy eye-brows, she would have begun to think him a handsome personable man. Mr. Suberville and his wife were both much gratified to find Leonie so well pleased with their guest, and congratulated themselves that he was a middle aged and gouty invalid, as they felt no danger in trusting her to be so constantly with him, and

Mr. Suberville freely followed the sports of the field, while Madame had ample time to attend to her devotions, instead of watching her daughter, as would have been the case, had she been in the hands of a man who might endanger her heart, and with it her happiness.

But this unsuspicious sort of reasoning did not hold good with Hippolite. He viewed things in a very different light indeed. From the very first day that he dined in Mr. Wilson's company, he was not more awed by his haughty and terrifying manner, than conscious that he was already deeply smitten with Leonie. Love is a most tormenting opener of the eyes. There are few secrets connected with its object that it does not make evident to its victims. It pushes aside their lashes, and raises their lids, and sharpens their visions in spite of them; and it was certainly now performing these operations on De Choufleur with a vengeance. He looked on this weather-beaten and grim-visaged stranger with a fluttering horror and hatred; and

"George Wilson, native of London," with his sombre cheeks and verdant spectacles, appeared to the unhappy Chevalier a mingled personification of that "green-eyed monster" that was eating into his own heart, and the green and yellow melancholy that made him pine in thought. He saw the progress of affairs with a keen observation; and as he, day after day, marked the growing intimacy between Leonie and the rival he had wilfully conjured up for himself, his whole inward man seemed to fail. He never could utter a syllable in presence of this formidable personage, when he dropped in of an evening, or came by invitation to dinner. Wilson shewed a marked dislike of him, and almost withered him by his looks. If he came over in a morning, he was sure to peep through the garden-hedge, and as sure to see Leonie and her new old friend walking arm in arm together; and many a time poor Hippolite was pushed on by his curiosity to creep slily into some of the arbours, and listen to the conversation, till fear

seemed to twitch him back by the skirts of his coat. As to the mere matter of rivalry with this obnoxious interloper, Hippolite did not fear it a moment, if he could but have fair play. But it was evident that Leonie allowed liberties to the other, which he never, in his boldest moods, presumed to expect. She hung on this Englishman's arm, and let him take her hand in his; and unless he, Hippolite, had happened to be at the other side of her, ogling and sighing, and squeezing in his turn, he saw that there was nothing like equality of chances.

He was quite wasted all of a sudden; his spirits seemed dead and buried; he was crestfallen, heartless, and it would almost seem hopeless; but he was not quite so in reality. He tremblingly reckoned (in the moments when his expiring courage flickered in the socket) on the deep impression he must have made on Leonie; he trusted much to Madame's good offices, to his personal advantages over Wilson, to his title of Chevalier, and to the ribbon at his button-hole.

He saw things go on week after week, with a sort of desperate patience; and he had been only deterred from acknowledging his jealousy, and at once putting matters to the test, and proposing plumply for Leonie, by the nervous presentiment he had of having his fears confirmed, and his offers refused: and then imagination always conjured up the horse-laugh of Alfred, the diabolical grin of Faussecopie, and his own sneaking appearance, in case he should be forbidden the house. He, therefore, shrank from the point that would have put his present state of comparative prosperity in jeopardy.

But there was a minor misery attending on all this. Alfred, the former staunch friend of Hippolite, at least as Hippolite thought, the promised persecutor of the Englishman, the pupil in both slang and song of the downcast Chevalier, the inveterate hater of John Bull, had evidently gone over to the enemy! From almost the first day of Wilson's arrival, Alfred had abandoned all his projected plans of hostility,

and a strong mutual liking seemed to have taken place between these apparently dissimilar beings. Wilson expressing a warm desire to make himself acquainted with a smattering of French, had applied to Alfred to be his instructor. This request was made through the medium of Leonie, to whom he declared he would not expose himself, by his bungling attempts at a new language. Alfred readily consented, and Wilson was as eager in his application, so that, to Hippolyte's wonderful and great displeasure, they were constant companions, whenever Wilson was not engaged with Leonie: a horrible annoyance, Hippolyte thought, to the fiery-minded Alfred, who did not speak a sentence of English, and was the worst adapted person in the world tó teach his own language to a foreigner.

Week after week passed over, De Choufleur writhing under the chain of suspense, which necessity seemed to have rivetted round him; Leonie speaking English almost like an Englishwoman; and Wilson having, by the

dint of apparent resolution, advanced rapidly in French, in which he was now able to make himself understood by Mr. and Madame Suberville, though committing frightful trespasses on the domains of grammar, mixing genders together in promiscuous confusion, paying no respect to persons, and jumbling the tenses indiscriminately, according to whatever mood he might himself happen to be in. Alfred used to burst into fits of the most violent laughter on the occasion; Mr. Suberville used to look as grave as he could; Leonie could scarcely keep her countenance, though evidently mortified at the ridicule cast upon her new friend; who took every thing in good part, and used even sometimes to mingle in the laugh raised at his own expense, with an almost boyish enjoyment.

This state of things had gone on full four months, when, it being then the summer season of 1816, and Leonie only wanting a few weeks to complete her twentieth year, and to be freed from her vow, Hippolite saw that matters must

come at last to the long deferred and much dreaded crisis. In true accordance with the cunning, as well as the sharp-sightedness, given him by his passion, he had been for some time laying a train, which should gain him the support of Madame Suberville in his forthcoming declaration of love, and the momentous demand which was to follow it. For this purpose he had been cautiously undermining the pleasant footing which Wilson appeared to have gained in Madame's opinion. It is not necessary to enter into the details of Monsieur Hippolite's insinuations for this purpose; the dark hints he threw out of the stranger's intentions; the fillips he gave to his listener's prejudices against the English; and, above all, the stress which he laid on Wilson's being a heretic: then, by artfully coupling the mention of his great intimacy with Leonie, raising a host of horrors in poor Madame Suberville's mind; and softening down all again, by devoutly expressed wishes that Leonie might get a husband sensible of her merits, and one whose

rank and prospects in her own country might ensure her a happy establishment.

All was prepared. He passed whole mornings in working up Madame's feelings to a proper pitch to receive and favour his proposition—and he made it at last in his very best manner. No sooner had he explained himself, than the old woman flung herself upon his neck, melting with joy. "Oh! oh! it is what I always wished—this is my happiest day—oh! Saint Ursula be praised!—Oh, my son, my son!" exclaimed she. "Oh, my dear Madame," cried Hippolite, (enfolding her fat person as far as his arms could go round it). Ah, if I durst hope to say my dear *mamma!*"

"Say it! say it!" exclaimed she, weeping, "and make my old age happy!"

"Oh then, dear good mamma, give me, give *us* your blessing!" uttered Hippolite, dropping down on his knees.

"God and Saint Ursula bless you both, my children!" stammered out the doting old lady, as

if Leonie had been beside him; and they both embraced, and muttered, and blubbered together, until Mr. Suberville came in from the adjoining room, attracted by what he thought the sounds of lamentation.

"For heaven's sake what's the matter, my dear?" asked he, entering his wife's chamber. "Monsieur de Choufleur! in God's name what are you about?"

"Oh, nothing wrong, nothing criminal, my dear sir," replied Hippolite, in agitation. "Let no suspicion enter your heart against this faithful wife, and inestimable woman."

"Suspicion against my old wife, you blockhead! What the devil do you mean?—answer me immediately."

This command Hippolite was totally unable to obey. He was too much terrified at the first desperate plunge thus made in this affair, and he could only remain pale and trembling, and half choking on his knees, thumping his breast, and crying out. "'tis here! 'tis here! 'tis here!"

The task of explanation fell upon Madame, and she executed it in a very cool and collected manner. The first burst of pious enthusiasm being over, she was able to relate, not only Hippolite's proposal, but to mention, in a very luminous manner, her own views of its importance, and the reasons which weighed with her for giving it support. Mr. Suberville listened attentively and calmly, and was only interrupted in his thoughtfulness, by Hippolite taking advantage of a break in Madame's oration, to entreat him plaintively not to forbid him the house, for his hopes had sunk already far below zero, and he gave up all for lost. "Forbid you the house," cried Mr. Suberville, stretching out his hand: "on the contrary, you may stay and dine if you like it."

"Oh, generous man!" exclaimed Hippolite, kissing his hand in revived ecstacy; and then, springing across the floor, he seized his hat, rushed to the door, turned round for a moment, put himself in the third position, clapped his

hand to his breast, made his best bow, and flung himself out of the room.

When he was gone, Mr. Suberville pondered long and seriously upon what was said to him by his wife. He was at first struck with a very disagreeable sensation at the bare notion of De Choufleur becoming the husband of Leonie. He had long observed his foolish and absurd attachment; but the idea of his marrying her never glanced across his mind; but he had been just beginning to calculate coolly the *pros* and *cons*, when Hippolite made that plaintive appeal which was answered by the invitation to dinner. The cogitation ended in his resolving to leave all to Leonie's decision, a plan which did not at all suit his wife's notions of matrimonial arrangements.

At dinner Hippolite behaved much in the manner of Jack Pudding at a puppet-show, or a bottle of Norman cider after the cork flies out. He bounced and grinned, and overflowed, and was made up of gesticulations, grimace, and froth.

Wilson and Leonie, with Alfred, who was present, thought he was crazy; and Leonie was quite confirmed in this opinion, when, upon her quitting the room to get some sweetmeats for the dessert, he bounced out after her, and seizing her by both hands, in the hall, he flung himself down on one knee (without thinking of the nankin that covered it), and with rapid and insane utterance, asked her half-a-dozen times over, "Will you be my wife, lovely Leonie? lovely Leonie, will you be mine?"

His wild and infuriated air terrified poor Leonie, while the grasp he held of her arms hurt her violently, and deprived her of all power, and she felt herself quite faint, and sinking upon the floor. Hippolite, attributing this to the overpowering emotions excited by his ardour, thought he had nothing to do but catch her in his arms, and almost smother her with kisses. He did seize her, and was just preparing to perform the rest of this ceremony, when Leonie, perceiving his intention, screamed

aloud, and struggled to get from him. At the sound of her scream, Mr. Suberville, Alfred, and Wilson rushed out of the dining-room, only just in an inverse order to that in which I have written their names. Wilson sprang into the hall, with the activity of an enraged tiger, and seeing the state in which matters stood, he clasped Leonie in his left arm, and with the whole force of the other, seized the astonished Chevalier by the collar, and swung him across the hall. Hippolite tottered along, with his arms extended like a ship in full sail, till his open hands and forehead came together in contact with the opposite wall, from which he rebounded several paces, and then fell flat on his back. He jumped up quicker than he had fallen down, and clapping his hands on his forehead (where a large bump had instantaneously sprouted out, huge enough to have puzzled the whole school of phrenologists), he ran out of the house, into the back ground, and towards the garden, screaming, "Help! mur-

der! thieves! thieves! murder! help!" Alfred pursued him to quiet his alarm, but he, quite certain that he was followed by the ferocious Wilson, redoubled his speed, roaring lustily, and making sundry efforts to spring over or burst through the high thick hedge which surrounded the pleasure garden. He was quite deaf to the mixture of hallooing and laughing by which Alfred was nearly suffocated; and at last he made one terrific plunge into a holly-bush, where his kind pursuer caught him. While Alfred pulled at his kicking legs, Hippolite plunged further into the hedge, so that it was with great difficulty Alfred, faint from laughing, could succeed to extricate him. Out he got him at last, still struggling and praying for mercy; and, with his clothes and face torn by the prickly holly, he presented a most doleful spectacle. Alfred, after many efforts, was at last enabled to convince him of his safety, and he led him panting and trembling towards the house, which he insisted on entering by the pri-

vate narrow staircase leading up to Madame Suberville's apartment.

A scene of dreadful confusion had taken place. Madame Suberville hearing what was passing, had bustled out of the dining-room in mixed anxiety for Leonie and Hippolite. The latter had made his escape when she reached the scene of action, but she heard his screams, and saw her daughter folded to the bosom of the vile heretic. This was a spectacle too overpowering for Madame, who flung herself into a chair in strong symptoms of hysterics, calling aloud on Lisette, her husband, and Saint Ursula. The two former flew to her assistance immediately, and employed themselves in carrying her up stairs. Leonie, recovering from her fright, accompanied them leaning on Wilson's arm, and having ascertained that Madame Suberville had shaken off *her* first alarm (which was followed by loud expressions of execration against Wilson) a feeling of confused sensations, quite indefinable to Leonie herself, in-

duced her to yield to the movement by which he gently led her from the room, by the private stairs towards the garden. As they descended, he reassured her bewildered spirits in his most soothing tone, and was growing at every step downwards more warm and tender, when just as they reached the bottom, they saw Alfred enter the little door, bearing up the lacerated, bumped, and ghastly head of Hippolite, with one hand under his chin, while the other supported his body. At sight of Wilson, De Choufleur uttered an exclamation of horror, flung himself with a convulsive twist from Alfred, and attempted to escape. Alfred held him fast by the sky-blue kerseymere coat; but the first pull tore it from stem to stern, leaving a large portion in Alfred's hands, while Hippolite having thus slipped his cable, was pitched forwards by the concussion, and fell bodily into a large cider vat that stood in the yard half filled with water.

As he scrambled out, dripping, and crying

like a child at his miserable appearance, and while Alfred stood almost convulsed with his favourite occupation — laughter, Wilson and Leonie, both whose feelings had reached a height of excitement quite abstracted from the enjoyment of the farce, hurried on towards the garden. I must pass over the scene which was displayed in Madame Suberville's room above, when Hippolite presented himself before her, and when, being a little revived by the encouragement and commiseration she gave him, he avowed his resolution to steal after Leonie and her heretic companion, watch their movements, and listen to their secret conversation. All this he did, while Mr. Suberville remained consoling his afflicted helpmate, and Alfred scampered off no one knew where; the results of De Choufleur's enterprise will be recounted in another chapter.

CHAPTER X.

If I contemplated paying a bad compliment to the sagacity of my readers, I might perhaps devote a page or two to a short retrospect of the intimacy which had been for four months forming between our heroine and Wilson. But can even one paragraph be necessary to explain its consequences to the quicksighted, or would a volume be sufficient to develope them to the dull? Few I believe need be told that Wilson and Leonie were lovers. The susceptible (and, after all, the happy) beings who have been similarly situated, may well imagine what strides love makes in the heart of a man who has for four months, or even four weeks,

been wholly devoted to an intercourse with a beautiful and amiable girl; and can also judge of the difficulty with which a sensitive mind can resist the continual attacks of an ardent and passionate suitor, not actually hideous, or only moderately advanced in years. It is in vain that some speculative theorists may talk of gradual advances and a progressive passion: the *initiated* know well that the heart is always taken by surprise. It was so on the present occasion at all events; and when Leonie began seriously to enquire into the state of hers, the nature of the attack, and its means of defence, she found that it had been long in absolute possession of the assailant. She submitted to the loss with the listlessness of youth, and hugged her chains with the fervour of an enthusiast—for enthusiasts are always the readiest slaves. She raised her conqueror into an idol, and absolutely adored him, in spite of his yellow skin, his tangled locks, overhanging brows, gouty legs and green spectacles. We need not dwell

on his feelings. He loved! that is enough for those who know the meaning of the word, and it is for them I write. He had not yet, however actually said "I love you," for he knew (as well as my readers) the luxury of lingering long before the direct avowal bursts forth—the rich enjoyment of making the secret felt before it is indulged—the voluptuous indulgence of letting the eyes speak while the tongue is hushed. He knew all this, and much more, of those feelings that prompt the lover to stand, as it were, in the centre of a charmed circle, which he hesitates to break through, from mingled awe and adoration of the spirit he is about to conjure up. But Wilson had also other reasons for his silence.

The moment had at length arrived. The hurrying feelings called into action by this bustling day, brought on the crisis, as it ought to come about, in all the feelings of unpremeditated emotion. As he paced the garden with Leonie, agitated and listening, at his side, one arm round her waist which his fingers barely

touched—but seemed afraid to press, and one hand clasping her's with a nervous yet gentle motion, he poured out in the rapid phrase of passion, the whole avowal of *his*. She heard him, blushingly, timidly, tremblingly, silently, while her head seemed to swim, and she trod with a step so light that she thought she moved less on earth than air. An actual confession of love, which has been long evident before it is avowed, may be supposed to be an affair of very few words, and these very short and matter-of-fact. But I, and my readers, and Wilson, could every one of us undeceive (if we thought it worth while) the uninformed in such concerns. We might dwell long and dilate largely on the tautologies and pauses, parentheses and variations, the looks, the sighs, and the hesitations which accompany the direct confession. All this, however, I leave to the imagination of those who have not experienced the like, and to the memory of those who have; and I shall simply beg to call the attention of both one and the

other to the figure of Monsieur le Chevalier de Choufleur, creeping on his hands and knees close behind the trim-cut box hedge that divided the walk occupied by Wilson and Leonie from the *potager*, or kitchen garden.

When De Choufleur arrived by a winding passage at the spot, and took his station in the cabbage-bed, Wilson had got very far into the subject matter of his declaration; and, as he grew more warm and animated, Hippolite caught occasional glimpses of his face, which seemed to glow with a colouring that tinged his yellow cheek, like the rays of the setting sun on the fading foliage of a beech grove. Leonie was flushed at one moment, and pale the next. Her eyes beamed bright, yet were occasionally filled with tears. Her lips were parted, as if the sighs which burst in short and quick succession could not give them time to close. De Choufleur heard and saw enough; and to accomplish his misery, he caught distinctly the following words, and saw clearly the actions which accom-

panied them. "Then you have heard, have felt my words—You understand my feelings—You permit me to love you. Say so, my Leonie."

"I have said it."

"And you can love me in return?—you reply nothing!"

"Need I speak?"

Here Wilson's lips pressed themselves to Leonie's hand, and nothing reached Hippolite's ear for a few minutes but a confused murmuring, mixed with deep-drawn sighs.

They made another turn, and again approached the Chevalier, who had advanced his head still further into the hedge, and widened the aperture he was peeping through. As they came on he heard Wilson once more.

"You can love me! What *me*—Leonie! look at me again—old, infirm, weather-beaten as I am! *Can* you?"

"You never appeared old to me—I don't know how it is, but you always seem only half your age."

"What, with these muffled-up and gouty legs?"

"But you step so firmly, and are on some occasions so active." (De Choufleur shrunk back.)

"But these spectacles?"

"Why, your looks seem to dart through them, under them, and over them all at once." (Hippolite doubled himself up.)

"And this deep and sallow skin, Leonie?"

"Oh! if you could see the bright glow that bursts through it now!"

"Then in spite of all, you can love me? Oh say so, Leonie, tell me the only thing that is wanting to complete my happiness; confirm my hopes, and let me prove to you that you have not thrown your heart away on old age, ill health, and ugliness."

Here they stopped, and Hippolite with breathless wonderment, stretched out his head again. Leonie looked with a mixture of delight and fear on Wilson, and murmured

softly "I *do* love you, be you who or what you may!"

"My triumph, my happiness is then complete!" cried Wilson in ecstacy—and quitting for a moment his hold of Leonie, who stood without speech or motion, he tore from his legs the unwieldy gaiters that had so long concealed their fine proportions. Hippolite glanced his eye for a moment back at his own calves—but turned almost despairingly towards Wilson's again. "Away then with this disguise!" cried Wilson, (flinging aside the gaiters) "and these poor counterfeits," (dashing the spectacles against the ground) and these—and these—and this"—accompanying each exclamation by corresponding pluckings at his whiskers, his eyebrows, and his wig. "Oh that I could now wash out the atrocious stains which have so long disfigured the real colour of this face, and concealed the deep workings of a heart that is wholly yours! Dearest Leonie, do not be alarmed—If you could love me before, believing

me to be what I seemed to be, surely I cannot be less pleasing to you now, being what I am! If forty was bearable, is not three-and-twenty to be tolerated? Why don't you speak to me—Why do you gaze so fixedly? are you afraid of me?"

The last tone touched the chord, she burst into a flood of joyous tears, looked for a moment or two more (as if to remove her doubts) at his brilliant eyes, his arched brows, his short curly brown hair, his smooth cheeks, and even, I believe, gave an involuntary half-quarter glance at his handsome legs, and then, as if quite sure of her man, she flung herself into his hospitable arms, and cried as if her heart was dissolved by sorrow, instead of being filled with delight.

After some short time spent in this way, during which De Choufleur found himself beginning to get horridly cramped and uncomfortable, in body as well as mind, Wilson gradually loosened his grasp of Leonie and set

her at unasked-for liberty. "Now, my sweet Leonie," said he, "we must part for a moment: go now into the house, go into the presence of the excellent old couple within, and tell them what has passed: I will be immediately with you."

"Good God! I dare not venture."

"Oh, you must, you must—it must be told, and will come best from you."

"But what, what could I say?"

"Say nothing. Shew yourself to them with that blushing face, those streaming eyes, and smiling lips. If their minds are not chilled, and their memories lost; if they ever knew what it is to love, to tell it, and to be told it for the first time—they will understand and pardon you. Go, dearest life—I will join you quickly."

Leonie instinctively following the wise law of nature—obeyed. As she walked slowly towards the house, Wilson hastily gathered up his discarded disguises, and while he was tying them

up in his pocket handkerchief, De Choufleur, feeling himself abandoned as it were to his fate by the retreat of Leonie, was resolved to get out of the neighbourhood of his formidable rival. He therefore crept quickly along, committing various depredations on cabbage, turnip, and parsnip beds, and when he at last got out of this vegetable territory, with his nankin breeches, and buff waistcoat, and the remains of his coat, besmeared with all shades of colours, he looked not quite unlike an *omelette aux fines herbes*. His first feeling, after the flurry of wretchedness had subsided into something approaching to a fixed purpose, was to fly and recount to Alfred all that he had seen and heard, not doubting but that his exposure of the treachery and baseness of Wilson would rouse his indignation to the utmost, and induce him to join in measures for his total discomfiture. Full of these hopes, he was making his way towards a little shrubbery which would lead him round again to the offices, and so into the house, when he perceived Alfred,

who seemed to have been lying in wait like himself, go quickly towards the walk where Wilson was still employed. Hippolite was afraid to call out, lest the bloody-minded Englishman might pounce upon him and tear him to atoms; and while he was picking up an apple, wherewith to give a gentle hint to Alfred to turn round, he was beyond all former surprises, surprised, at seeing him and Wilson meet together and most cordially embrace. The new appearance of the latter seemed nothing new to Alfred, any more than the purpose on which he had been employed; and could Hippolite have doubted for a moment the fact of Alfred having been all along in his secret, and that he was an arch impostor, it became now too true, as Wilson told him aloud, with unbounded delight, and in excellent French, that the avowal was made, the disguise abandoned, and he the happiest of men. Alfred received this with strong symptoms of sympathy and warmth of friendship; while Hippolite, half frantic at

the combination of his miseries, had no resource left him but to run off as fast as he could to Faussecopie, and unbosom himself completely to that ready repository for every secret which could in any way be turned to his own advantage.

Hippolite had scarcely left the garden, when Mr. Suberville accompanied by Leonie, for whom he had come out to search, approached the place where she told him in broken accents, she had left Wilson. She had not had time to explain, even if she could have summoned courage, the metamorphosis in the man whom it was quite unnecessary for her to designate as her lover. Mr. Suberville therefore took off his hat and made a low bow, qualified by an astonished stare, when he saw Alfred come forward, accompanied by a young man, a stranger as he thought. Wilson soon, however, undeceived him, and offered to remove all doubts as to his identity, by untying his pocket handkerchief and pulling out his masquerade dress again. Mr. Suber-

ville, who gradually recognised his guest, in spite of the fluency with which he spoke French, and the youthful eloquence of his style and manner, waived this evidence of his imposture: and in terms of decisive authority demanded an ample explanation of his motives, his objects, and his situation. To this the other replied with great humility, acknowledging that circumstances had forced him to a stratagem which he had felt absolutely necessary to enable him fully to know the object of all his present affections. He declared himself to have heard of the beauty and the virtues of Leonie, and that determined to see and judge for himself, he had availed himself of the fair occasion offered by Mr. Suberville's advertisement. He now proclaimed himself her devoted lover, and, in a voice half vehement and half decided, swore that no obstacle should keep her from him. Pressed by Mr. Suberville to announce his family, his connections, and fortune, he declined; saying that imperative circumstances

opposed themselves for the present to a more unconditional statement. That those impediments had alone prevented his sooner avowing his sentiments—for he knew that on their becoming evident, he could not with propriety continue under the roof with her whom he dared not at once make his wife. Here poor Leonie began to turn pale; and the keen eye of Wilson seeing her emotion, he quickly re-assured her by most solemn pledges offered to Mr. Suberville of his honor, his frankness, and his faith. He appealed for a confirmation of all to Alfred, whom he said possessed his entire confidence under a vow of temporary secrecy. Alfred declared that he was every thing that was upright, and honorable, and brave; and Leonie recovered her reliance, and even went through with a good grace, the ceremony of a farewell, which seemed to herself almost to rend her heart. But she felt so bewildered, that it was not till an hour afterwards when Wilson was fairly gone in company with Alfred, that she had

time for the admission of those afflicting fears and doubts, which, happily, find relief in tears. There was, however, an air of confidence and affection in Wilson's manner that quite consoled her, and she would have staked her life on Alfred's faith. She therefore saw them drive away in a hired gig, with tolerable composure; and Mr. Suberville communicated to his wife, in his own quiet manner, the whole circumstances, in which his mind was not yet made up. Madame Suberville declared her conviction that Wilson was an adventuring villain, whose purpose had been to ruin Leonie and rob the house; and gave particular directions to Lisette to count the forks and spoons, and carefully barricade all the windows, and look under the beds, before she went to her own.

François Faussecopie was not by nature a laugher, he sneered, and leered, and smiled sometimes; but, as far as I could authentically ascertain, he was known to laugh outright but once—and that was when he perceived the

figure of De Choufleur enter his lodgings, after having effected his escape from Mr. Suberville's garden, as before related. Faussecopie certainly laughed heartily, and was probably very much astonished at finding himself gifted with this new faculty. Hippolite, on the contrary, was in the melting mood that evening. His exertion and agitation caused the perspiration to flow profusely from every pore, and he moreover wept bitterly. He related with as little circumlocution and as much precision as he could, the rapid march of circumstances from his forenoon's explanation with Madame Suberville, down to the period actually occupied in the narration. He demanded from Faussecopie in the first place vengeance, in the next advice. Faussecopie promised to give him both one and the other when he had duly enquired into the case thus stated. Hippolite voted against any delay, and called for summary justice,—and he pointed to his bumps and scratches as living witnesses of his wrongs, and invoked the slumbering

vigour of the adjoint in justice to the manes of his sacrificed coat, waistcoat, and breeches, whose unhappy end had been the consequence of the ruthless attack made upon him.

Faussecopie remarked that it was a strange circumstance that Alfred had, about an hour before, paid him a visit and got Wilson's passport countersigned for Paris; and at this unlooked for news De Choufleur instantly felt that the hope of revenge was snatched from him, as he doubted not the villain had fled. This was very soon confirmed by a return to Le Vallon, where he ascertained the fact; and whatever might have been his disappointment on the score of his baffled hopes of vengeance, he was amply repaid in the security from danger, and in the open field which was now left him for bullying of the most extravagant kind. He immediately trumpeted forth all through the villages the announcement of his rencontre with the runaway Englishman, who, according to his version of the story, had, after a cowardly assault, fled from

his threatened vengeance, and left the prize of their contest, Leonie, to be the reward of his gallantry and affection. Having thus paved the way for the affair becoming public, he next prepared a statement of the transaction to be published in some of the Journals of Paris, in which "George Wilson, native of London," was denounced as an impostor, assassin, coward, and various other epithets, in accordance with the strictest delicacy of the French language, and the Chevalier's character. This distorted and abusive statement appeared in due time—and was in due time duly answered, as will be seen in the sequel.

While De Choufleur was occupied in his fulminating fabrications, Faussecopie was employed in taking more material steps. He had all along had a serious grudge against Mr. Suberville, who had continued to treat him with haughty contempt, notwithstanding his ill-earned elevation. Glautte, too, had never ceased to feel that deep hatred which roots

itself so firmly in the breast of those who have returned friendship by treachery, and given back injuries for benefits. They had both often darkly talked over the means of injuring the object of their spite; but they feared so much, and knew so well his high standing with men of all parties and opinions, that hitherto they had not ventured to throw out an aspersion or aim a shaft against his reputation or his peace. Now, however, a fair prospect seemed to open before Faussecopie to effect him serious injury and embarrassment, and when he pointed out to Glautte the vista of villainy through which he saw it, the Doctor rolled his eyes and licked his lips, as if somewhat of the gusto of a favourite dish had wafted its savoury perfume to his senses

Faussecopie immediately set about preparing a string of charges against Mr. Suberville, founded on the fact of his having harboured a stranger in his house, who after months of secrecy, had been discovered to be a disguised

impostor, who had terminated his concealment by a fierce and treacherous attack on the person of an eminent royalist, Le Chevalier de Choufleur, and had then fled, accompanied by a notorious Bonapartist, one Alfred Suberville, a nephew of the accused; all of whom were no doubt secretly engaged in some treasonable plot. These were the heads of a denouncement drawn up with all the tortuous casuistry of which Faussecopie was perfect master; and it was forwarded to the higher authorities, with a demand that full powers should be invested in Glautte and his adjoint, to sift the business to the bottom; preparatory to which, it was demanded that Mr. Suberville should be put under *surveillance*; and it was added by way of postscript, that from the name of the impostor, little doubt could be entertained of his being a relative of the notorious "SIR WILSON," who, with his associates, "Sir Hutchinson," and "Sir Bruce," had acted so vile a part, (in the opinion of some wise well-wishers to the Bourbon Dy-

nasty, its honor and glory,) by affording shelter to a fellow being, who had thrown himself on their generosity, instead of binding his hands and turning him over to the executioner.

To add weight to this formidable accusation, the signature of De Choufleur was demanded by Faussecopie. Poor Hippolite turned pale and hesitated, for he knew its falsehood, and had a strong feeling of attachment and respect for Mr. Suberville; besides which he was afraid this step would ruin him in the opinion of Leonie. All these objections were, however, lulled to rest by the assurances of his oracle, Faussecopie, that so far from being a bar towards the accomplishment of his views, an embarrassment of this kind thrown before Mr. Suberville would greatly facilitate them; for in case of Leonie being unfavorable to his pretensions, a salutary threat of his power to ruin her papa, or a well-given hint of his ability to save him, would naturally work miracles with her in his favor. "Give me the pen!" cried Hippo-

lite, convinced and enraptured, and he wrote at the foot of the paper "Le Chevalier de Choufleur," with a flourish at the end of it that I could not attempt to imitate.

This affair once put in train, all Hippolite's attentions were now turned to re-establish himself in the favor of Leonie, and for this object he commenced an attempted renewal of his assiduities towards her. But he had become utterly odious to her; and when she thought of the pollution which her cheek had been on the point of suffering from his protuberant lips, she shuddered with unusual disgust. He next threw himself on the friendship of Madame Suberville, and received her promises of the most strenuous support, and every encouragement to persevere in his suit. He sounded Mr. Suberville's sentiments, and was told by him with coldness and composure, that he could not oppose the wishes of Leonie, that she was impenetrably resolute in her rejection of his love; and that he requested him in consequence to absent himself wholly

from Le Vallon. This threw him into despair and rage, and he insisted upon hearing his fate from Leonie herself. Mr. Suberville had no objection, and he called on her to gratify De Choufleur by sealing his sentence with her own voice. She came in consequence, and unmelted by his emotion, unchanged by his offers, and unruffled by his threats, she cut his pleadings short by a deep sounding command to quit her for ever, and then she retired from the room. Mr. Suberville accompanied her, and Hippolite walked out of the house, giving the door such a pull after him as almost tore it from its hinges, and had nearly shaken Madame Suberville out of the easy chair in which she was reposing above stairs.

The accusation against Mr. Suberville, and his assumed connection with the deeply dreaded "*Sir Wilson*" and his friends, caused serious consideration on the part of the government. Ample instructions were given to the Maire and his adjoint, to take such measures as their wisdom

suggested to examine the affair; and strict commands were issued to the police to seek out the runaway impostor and his companion Alfred Orders were immediately issued at the pressing instance of Faussecopie, for the arrest of Mr. Suberville, the examination of his papers, and such further measures of rigour as might seem requisite. He was accordingly arrested by his former clerk, accompanied by a party of the military police, which is at one and the same time the best security of the person, and the surest debaser of the mind of whatever people may be subject to its degrading protection. Mr. Suberville was carried to the prison of the capital town, seals were put upon all his papers, and I leave to my readers to imagine the affliction of his wife and that of Leonie, who was obliged to remain with her as her only support and solace.

Mr. Suberville being placed in secret confinement, no direct intercourse was allowed him

with his family, or the few friends who were disposed to compromise their own safety by an attempt to see him; and Leonie was left for more than a month in all the agitation of suspense as to his situation, and without receiving one word of intelligence from Wilson or Alfred. Her only comfort was the faithful Lisette, who kept up her spirits by a mixture of cheerfulness and sense, and who never failed now, in good earnest, to barricade the doors and windows, and look nightly under the beds.

During this interval De Choufleur was not idle. He made a thousand efforts to see Leonie, but without effect. Lisette would never allow him to enter the house under any pretext, threatening him and his fine clothes, whenever he appeared, with discharges of sundry liquid annoyances from one of the windows, at which she invariably stood prepared to make good her menaces if he failed to retreat. The better part of valour had its full sway on these occasions,

and he was at last forced, as his only hope, to consent to a plan formed by Faussecopie for getting Leonie most positively into his power.

Whatever may be the relative merits of French and English jurisprudence, there is one provision on the side of English law, that may be either an advantage, or the contrary, as people choose to consider it. I mean that which allows of suits for the recovery of damages in cases of broken promises of marriage. This possibly salutary, but positively most indelicate, procedure has never yet been publicly introduced into France, and I believe it was reserved for the litigious province of Normandy, and its arch-litigant Faussecopie to attempt an importation of such a custom, even in the modified form of magisterial interference. On the occasion now in question, he positively counselled Hippolite to proceed (or at least to threaten proceedings) against Leonie for breach of promise of marriage!

There never was an idea more monstrous, or a

thing less likely to succeed. In the first place, Leonie had never made such a promise: in the second, if even she had, she was not of an age sufficient to make such a promise legal: in the third, it was clear there was no evidence that she had done so; and after all this, there was, as I before said, no law in France to justify such a proceeding, except that which authorizes the bargain called *marché au deit*, that is, a promise made, with a forfeit in case of its breach. These have been, I believe, sometimes applied to contracts of marriage, but there was no pretext of a forfeit in this case. But all these obstacles vanished before the law-loving spirit of Normandy, and the ingenious roguery, and insolent daring of Faussecopie; and Leonie was cited by De Choufleur to appear before the worshipful mayor of the Three Villages, on the 20th day of October, 1816, to answer his complaint of her refusal to comply with his just expectations, fostered by herself, and her own implied promises to become his lawful wife.

A sudden blow was given to these proceedings by an unexpected order for the liberation of Mr. Suberville. But the proceedings were not quashed by it, for he had himself a strong spice of the Norman spirit in him, and he was not averse to let Leonie try the question, that would afford him a good opportunity to overwhelm her persecutors with disgrace. He, therefore, answered for her that she would obey the summons, and appear.

I pass over the particular account of Mr. Suberville's liberation (the steps that led to it being to be related hereafter), as well as a description of the great joy which it produced in the inhabitants of Le Vallon, the despair it struck to Hippolite's heart, and the brazen villainy which it strengthened in Faussecopie. It was, moreover, very nearly giving a second stroke of paralysis to Glautte. The freedom of Mr. Suberville was never contemplated by Faussecopie when he issued the summons for Leonie's appearance to answer De Choufleur's

nonsensical charge. His calculation was, that fear of the consequences would have been sufficient inducement to her to come into the Chevalier's views, and it may be unnecessary to say, that he had his own interest in perspective. He saw that Glautte was going off fast, and he had already begun to make underhand representations to government, which might lead to his superseding him. Hippolite promised his assistance (which was great with the royalist party) to accomplish this object as the price of success. Faussecopie thus stimulated, was resolved to persevere; and he thought that by new embarrassments being thrown in the way of Mr. Suberville, Leonie might, after all, be forced to consent to the supplications of Madame, and the suit of De Choufleur. The day fixed for the hearing before the mayor, was the one following Leonie's coming to the age of twenty years, when her vow being expired, she would appear, for the first time, out of the costume it imposed upon her, and be (or *look* at all events)

licensed for secular enjoyments, and liable to secular pains.

Leonie was utterly shocked at the idea of appearing in the public office of the Mairie, confronted with De Choufleur on such a disgraceful charge; but she had a mind naturally strong, and still further invigorated now by her confidence that Wilson was watching for her safety, and would snatch her from this threatened degradation. Mr. Suberville longed for the day, for he was quite determined to meet this charge, and to hurl such overwhelming exposure at Glautte and Faussecopie, as would inevitably force them to hide their heads for ever.

But I hope that by this time my readers have been asking themselves, "But where is the author—the walking-gentleman, who is thus recounting us this long story, without ever once introducing himself on the scene? We should like to know what has become of him, and how did he collec all these particulars?" I must

therefore, state, that the very day of the trial of Hippolite *versus* Leonie, I came, by a curious, and, I cannot help thinking it, a lucky adventure, to be actually present, and in some sort a party concerned in the cause. The next chapter shall faithfully and shortly detail the circumstance.

CHAPTER XI.

On the evening preceding the memorable 20th of October, 1816, I had arrived, after a long day's march, on the summit of the hill, of which it may be recollected I made some mention in the opening of this story. To bring back the scene to my readers' minds, I must beg leave to refer them to the short description of it, which is to be found somewhere within the first dozen pages. Placing themselves there with me, they will be pleased to look down upon the varied and not uninteresting prospect, and have the goodness to lose themselves, as I did, for a little time, in a reverie, which began by those reflections on *manufacturing*, as opposed to

natural, landscapes, the result of which was, in my opinion, highly in favour of the latter.

After I had gazed and thought enough on the prospect, and the associations arising from its view, I proceeded, with our old friend Ranger at my heels, to descend the little bridle-path that led down to the valley. It wound round the hill so as to lengthen the way considerably, but still render it so much the more easy for the peasants coming to market with their little horses or asses, laden with grain and garden-stuff, or returning homeward with their purchases. I, as well as the before-mentioned animals, bore my burthen; for I had had good sport that day, and I carried, besides my knapsack and gun, a hare and several brace of birds in my game bag. The evening was warm too, for a heavily laden pedestrian at least, so that I went very leisurely down the hill. The view of the country was soon lost to me, and I had nothing around on which to moralize, if such had been my mood, but the trees in all their

variety of autumnal hues and appearance. Some of them had already nearly lost their foliage, while others sturdily maintained their covering in spite of the season's change. All the broad leaved flaunting tribe, the sycamores, limes, and horse-chesnuts, which had, during the summer, displayed such luxuriant profusion, were now nearly stripped of their fine garments, which lay withered, crisped, and crackling under my feet. The hardier sort, on the contrary, had scarcely lost their clothing; for the beech and elm, less showy than those when the whole wood was dressed in its holiday attire, had now a great advantage, and were still comfortably, though not gaudily clad. Their robes shewed little change of tint, as if their rough materials were of a better dye, as well as of a coarser web. The poplars, so stiff and stately, that they looked like the dandies of the grove, were losing all chances of concealment, with the scanty remains of yellow drapery, which dropped from their thin branches. An alder by the path-side

was a perfect skeleton. Its twigs were trembling, though there was scarce one breeze abroad, and at the extremity of the topmost of these, a solitary leaf was fluttering, as if it longed and laboured to escape from the tree; and (could we but suppose the latter endowed with immortality as well as life) it might be thought the last spark of animation struggling to quit its frail and expiring tenement. While the reader searches for the moral of all this, he may suppose me to have got to the bottom of the hill, emerged from the wood, and entered on the level road, which followed the course of the rivulet directly towards the Villages.

As I lounged along, a rustling in the branches above, and the sound of horses' feet mingled with rough voices, caught my ear; and, looking upwards, I saw through the openings of the wood, a party of mounted gens-d'armes coming down by the very path I had just left behind me. The appearance of these military protectors of the peace harmonized well enough with

the artificial air of a manufacturing landscape, and produced a sort of civilized picturesqueness; but the union had no pleasing effect upon me, and I heartily wished myself once more among the volcanic remains of Auvergne, or amidst the primeval wildness of the Pyrenees. In accordance with this feeling of dissatisfaction, I rather increased my pace, and, as if the quickened movement, added to my, perhaps, suspicious and poacher-like appearance, had excited the attention of the party, they immediately increased their speed, and when they reached the level road, they followed me at a round trot, and soon overtook me. When the leader, who was an officer, came up with me, he pulled in his horse, and fell into a walk, and after eying me with the sharp glance peculiar to a thief-catcher, he accosted me, touching his three-cocked hat:—

"You are a sportsman, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And so am I too. Sporting's a fine life,

when a man can follow it honestly. You have had good luck, Sir?" looking at my bag.

"Why yes, tolerable."

"May I ask where you have been shooting?"

"Wherever I could get leave, as I came along."

"Have you travelled far to-day, Sir?"

"From Brionne:" a town about thirty-five miles off.

"*Diable!* and a-foot?"

"To be sure."

"Egad, that's too much of a good thing though. I myself go a shooting sometimes, but a round of a couple of leagues satisfies me. Is that an English gun?"

"Indeed it is!"

"Will you let me look at it awhile?"

"Certainly." And suiting the action to the word, I handed him my Joe Manton. He examined it a moment in evident admiration, and then gave it to one of his four followers, saying

"Here, take charge of the gentleman's gun—he must be tired of carrying it after his long day's march."

The man took it, while I expressed myself obliged for the civility, and readily acceded to the officer's proposition, that another o. the party should carry my game-bag at his saddle-bow. Thus lightened, I stepped on briskly, and my vanity being a little excited by the officer's praises of my fast walking, and wonder at my slight apparent fatigue, I went forwards not a little pleased at finding my equestrian companions obliged to rise into a smart trot. As I outstripped the leader before he put his horse out of its walk, I observed, and thought it was more from familiarity than discipline, that two of the men came up to me, and kept one at each side of the road. The other two approached closer behind, and the lieutenant himself giving a *sacre* or two to his shambling-gaited steed, trotted up along-side of me, swearing that I was the best *marcheur* he escorted with for many a

day. While we chattered together, and as his off-hand good-tempered manner rather lessened my general dislike against his species, we approached the first of the Three Villages; and it was arranged that I should go on to the second, and that we should sup together at the inn where he always took up his quarters, and which he assured me was the only decent one in the commune.

As we passed along in this order through the little street of the village, I observed many people come out of its populous dwellings, and stare upon us with various expressions of countenance, and when we finally reached the inn, which was distinguished by a dangling daub over the door purporting to be a green, red, and yellow cock in the act of crowing, with the words "*Le Reveil Matin*," encircling him, a large crowd, for such a place, was assembled. I saw many of the gazers make enquiries from the gens-d' armes as they led their horses into the stable-yard, and many a stare fixed on the

lieutenant and myself as we entered the house. He led me to a little back parlour, looking out to a straggling sort of a garden, where I saw from the window that one of the men had already arrived, and was walking carelessly up and down, with his sword in its scabbard flung across his arm. I remarked to the officer my surprise that he had abandoned his horse so soon, but he replied with an air of indifference—" It is all in good time—he is fond of flowers and a great lounger."

" Loose discipline this!" thought I—but it was no such thing. When we were seated, my companion asked me to let him see my passport. He said it was a mere matter of form, but that he had a devilish strict fellow to deal with in the adjoint of the Maire, and that just then there were some unpleasant feelings against the English afloat among the authorities of the commune. I gave him the passport immediately, and also, at his request, my licence for carrying arms. He then begged me to remain quietly

where I was, while he went to order supper, and stepped up to the Mairie to shew my papers to the adjoint.

I accordingly, as he shut the door, set to work to pass the time in the way usual in such situations. I looked at all the coarse prints, until I was well acquainted with every feature of the various saints, marshals, princes and criminals, who certainly bore a most marvellous family likeness one to the other. I examined as keenly as any trained phrenologist the plaster bust of Louis XVIII. which stood upon the mantel-piece; and as I removed the wreath of artificial roses which had withered over the brows, where some royalist finger and thumb had placed them, I wished that I knew enough of the science to find out the boss (if such exists) of wisdom in governing, that I might have reason to reckon on, what I hoped so fervently, his making the country free and happy. I do not know what Spurzheim might have found, or fancied he found, had the bust been under

his hands instead of mine, but I know what boss I should *not* look for were I so to occupy myself to-day.

A quarter of an hour's occupation of this kind, and the thoughts arising from it, made me find the room not large enough for me. I was tired of its narrow dimensions, and wanted air. I therefore opened the window, which was raised about six feet from the garden, and was just going to jump down, when the flower-loving lounging gens-d'arme waved his hand as if forbidding the movement, and on my not understanding the hint, he advanced towards me, half drawing his sword from the scabbard, with a civil request that I would not come out under the penalty of its blade finding a sheath in my body. I drew back immediately, supposing that the man had been drinking, and on opening the door to make my exit in a more regular manner, I saw to my great astonishment a six feet, raw-boned counterpart of my garden neighbour standing outside, sword in hand, and he gently

putting his arm before me, requested that I would "do him the pleasure of giving myself the trouble to re-enter the room, as I was a prisoner."

I made some astonished exclamation—repeated his last word, I believe—but he was peremptory, and I stepped back, much to the satisfaction of Ranger, who seemed to think he had walked enough for that day. While I chewed the cud of this indignity, which it was rather difficult to swallow, the lieutenant came back, and he anticipated the reproaches I was about to heap on him, by such hearty expressions of regret, and by such an overwhelming torrent of apologies (*crushing* my hands all the time between his) that I abandoned my right of being angry, and took a great liking to my companion, particularly as he loosed his hold, while we sat down to a supper of the best the house afforded.

The lieutenant told me that the adjoint, Monsieur Faussecopie (the first mention I had heard

of his name, however old an acquaintance he may be of my readers) had found every thing right in my passport and my licence, and that I was quite at liberty to pursue the tenor of my way the next morning if I thought proper. This I assured him I certainly should do; and, our repast finished, we separated and retired, in great good humour with each other, to our respective bed-rooms.

When I got to bed, I was kept a considerable time awake by a party of noisy fellows, who were drinking cider and brandy in a room below, and singing and talking most boisterously in honor of their having gained a lawsuit that day at the assize court of Rouen. This is the greatest of all victories to a Norman; and I have very little doubt that William the First would have made light of his conquest of England in comparison with the glory of gaining a chancery suit, such at least as they exist in our days. That being the case, I was little sur-

prised at the enumeration of measures of cider and bottles of brandy which were poured out on the present occasion, as I was duly informed by the chubby, sabotted, high-capped damsel who led me to my chamber, and received the amount of my expences overnight, it being my avowed purpose to start very early the next morning on my way to Dieppe and some of the interesting places in its neighbourhood. As I turned round at last for about the twentieth time, in vain endeavours to give a deaf ear to the merriment below, I heard the door barred and bolted within, and as the ejected party straggled off, one fellow exclaimed in a voice that sounded gloriously thick and liquory, "Go along then, go along! for my part I'll sleep on the straw in the stable here, and dream of Lawyer Dupré's beautiful argument." The others laughed at this intimation, but the fellow persisted, and as their footsteps died away, I actually heard him rustling about in the straw

as if he was making his bed. I then fell asleep, and was awoke by Ranger licking my hand about six o'clock in the morning.

As I looked out into the garden from my window, I saw the trees beautifully marked upon the sky behind them, every leaf and branch looking like filagree work, while a breeze was brushing over the grass, and carrying along with it the fragance of the last flowers of the year. I saw that this was just the morning for Ranger and myself, and he seemed to snuff the gale as if it bore to his keen nose the scent of some feeding covey, or a lazy hare that had not yet quitted her warm seat to nibble her dew-covered breakfast. All was therefore soon in marching order, and we descended the stairs very quietly, opened the street door, and walked out. There never was a more complete picture of repose. Not a soul seemed stirring in the little hamlet; not a wreath of smoke arose from any chimney; and the brick houses, marked with their transverse beams, and studded with many-

paned lattices, appeared to have no life within them. The crowing cock over the door of "mine inn," seemed to open his beak in mockery of the real scene; and although I knew my right, by previous contract, to leave the house to its fate, I was still a little anxious to give notice to some of the inhabitants that I was going. I therefore walked round to the yard. There, too, it seemed as if the genius of sleep had waved his noiseless pinions over the scene. The red-eyed dog lay dozing in his wooden house, the real cocks and hens were still on their roost, with their heads under their wings; and a group of geese was in one corner, some lying down, some standing on one foot, others on two, but all fast locked. If Young's line speaks truly, not one of their lids had been ever "sullied with a tear."

Having done every thing that conscience dictated, I was trudging away, when just as I passed by the stable door, which stood ajar, I heard a sound quite in unison with this sleepy

region, for it was a deep-drawn snore. I immediately bethought me of the drunken fellow that had so long kept me awake, and I thought it but a fair retaliation that I should now break in upon his slumbers. I accordingly opened the door, and there saw him lying stretched upon his back on the straw of one of the stalls. I roused him up, and with some difficulty made him understand that I wished him to look to the house till the family were stirring. As soon as he comprehended me, he swore that "he had nothing to do with the house, and that he was not bound by any point of law, as recognised by the Code Napoleon, to keep watch in another man's premises. That he would go home, and that he should be very glad to accompany me if I was going the same way with him."

I saw that the fellow was still over-abundantly drunk; and as he said he lived a little bit on one side of the road to Dieppe, I thought it would be rather an offer of charity to help him on his way; and I must confess that his assu-

rance of his being able to lead me straight to two coveys of partridges, weighed with me not a little.

We set off together, but we had scarcely got out of the village when all the worst of his drunken and drowsy symptoms came on more violently than ever. He became deadly sick and pale, and withal so overcome by sleep, that I was absolutely forced to bear him along. He had just sense enough left to point out a little by-lane which turned off, he said, towards the partridges and his home, and in this direction I led him. An hour's work had not brought us farther than a mile from the village, and I almost despaired of getting the fellow on. He was most obstinately helpless, but I continued my way by this lonely lane, which terminated in a wood, for some time longer, hauling and pulling at my companion, until at length I was out of all patience, and almost wild at observing Ranger make a dead point in a field beside us. Resolved not to be utterly disappointed, I deter-

mined on placing my companion comfortably in the ditch, where he might sleep his sleep out, and lie safely, while I went after the birds, until I fell in with some house, or met some peasant to whom I could hand him over in charge. I accordingly placed him high and dry in the ditch, and I then stepped up to Ranger. A brace of birds rose, I fired at them with both barrels, and missed right and left. Away they flew, followed by the rest of a large covey. I, resolved to have my revenge, loaded and pursued them; first, however, stepping back to take a peep at my sleeping friend, who presented a beautiful picture of undisturbed repose.

The country now opened out into wide corn fields, and I went on rapidly over the stubble, getting several shots. I at last saw a cottage, and I approached the door to give my intended information, when a girl put out her head, and I immediately recognized her face for a very pretty one that I had observed the evening before in the crowd about the door of the inn, when

I arrived in company with, or rather in company of, the gens-d'armes. She no sooner perceived me than she uttered a loud scream, calling out "the prisoner, the prisoner! The Englishman, the Englishman!" and fled across the fields, accompanied by a stupid looking lout about sixteen, with a pitchfork in his hand. Not exactly liking all this, and perceiving that some embarrassment might ensue if I got the reputation among the country people of being a runaway culprit, I immediately turned off towards my right direction, and walked as fast as I could do without giving a colour to the charge which I was not anxious to labour under.

But in less than half an hour, as I sallied from the wood to the cover of which I had directed my steps, I found myself arrested by the presence of full fifty peasants male and female, who seemed to have arisen from the earth to intercept my route. They made most clamorous calls on me to surrender, and on my shewing a disposition to resist, they prepared for a general

attack. I therefore thought it wise to make a parley, and I promised them to go quietly back to the Three Villages, provided they left my gun unmolested in my hands. This was conceded, and back we went, the peasants pouring out horrible reproaches against me, and evidently restrained by the fear of the Joe Manton from offering violence to my person.

We were very soon joined by two of the gens-d'armes, who had been sent for on the first alarm. I was handed into their charge with shouts and execrations, and to my great astonishment instead of their immediately liberating me, they informed me I was accused of having murdered a man, the father of the girl who had given the hue and cry, who had been just discovered dead in a ditch, and who was seen to leave the inn in my company a couple of hours before.

I was really very much shocked at this intelligence, and had it not been from indignation at such a charge, I should have given way to

these emotions so natural in such a case. But I repressed every thing that might look like an expression of weakness, while I heard the nearest peasants mutter to each other, "Oh the hardened villain!" "Atrocious dog!" &c. During this scene the good people did not a moment forget their provincial peculiarity. They chattered away on every point connected with criminal law, and anticipated every form of my indictment, my trial, and execution. They offered with a common voice to go all as witnesses on the occasion; and one veteran, in order to have the most striking proof of my guilt, proposed that I should be confronted with the dead body. This met with unanimous approval, and the gens-d'-armes consenting, we cut into the little lane, where the corpse was said to be lying in the position in which it was first discovered.

As we approached the spot, and I saw my late unfortunate companion lying on his face in the ditch, a sort of compunctious thrill seemed

for a moment to shoot through me, and I felt as if not quite justified in having risked a fellow creature's life for the sake of a brace of partridges —but the thought came too late. "Watch him now!" "Mark him well!" "Look sharp at him!" were echoed by the by-standers to each other, as one of them desired me to touch the dead man's hand. I took up one of the dirty paws, which had fallen on one side, and lay in the channel formed by a little stream. "Now look at your victim's face!" cried another. I therefore turned the body round on the back, and gazed a moment on his countenance. It was pale and death-like. The nose, which had in the morning shewed a clear crimson tinge at its globular termination, was now a livid purple. The mouth hung open, being naturally of immense proportions. One eye was wide extended—but that one had been long blind from some accident which had contracted the lid and kept it from closing; and the other, which when waking turned from its fellow with a most

unusual degree of obliquity, was now firmly shut—a convincing proof to me that the man was asleep not dead. To satisfy myself on this point, I put my hand to his breast, and felt his heart beating gallantly. Quite convinced that there was nothing serious to apprehend, and not being by nature averse to a joke, I put on a very grave face, and turned away from the ditch. Shouts of conviction followed this movement, and they were so loud that I feared they must have awakened the sleeper. I took a sly peep at him, and saw that his eye-lid did raise itself for a second, but closed again, and all was right.

In a moment a gate was torn from its hinges, and the sleeper laid upon it, covered with two or three cloaks belonging to the woman, and away we marched in full procession for the village. When we reached the Mairie it was eight o'clock, and the report of the murder having gone before us, the whole of the little world was out. I, and the gens-d'armes, and the gate, and its burthen, and about half-a-dozen witnesses, including the

daughter as chief mourner, were admitted into the office; and I there found an ill-favoured personage of about fifty, with greyish sleek-combed hair, no front teeth, small feline-like eyes, dressed in a green coat with large mother-of pearl buttons, a white waistcoat, and black pantaloons, and sitting in an arm chair. This was Mr. François Faussecopie. A ragged clerk occupied a seat at the table, which was strewed with blank paper, pens, and ink-stands, while a figure which I need not describe, it being that of Le Chevalier de Choufleur, stood, with a frightful expression of countenance, and a white handkerchief held to his nose, at the greatest possible distance from the supposed corpse.

While Faussecopie darted some keen glances at me, and put a few questions to the gens-d'armes, a door opened, and the approach of the mayor was announced; and immediately came in, wheeled in an arm chair by a servant, enveloped in a brown wadded silk gown, with feet wrapped in flannel, and a black silk cap on his

clumsy head, the Right Worshipful Doctor Glautte. Silence being commanded by Faussecopie, the proceedings began. The clerk regularly took down the depositions of the daughter and other witnesses, as to the body being found in the ditch, my having been seen last in company with the murdered man, my visit to his house (for it was his) for the supposed purpose of [robbing it, my flight and apprehension.

"Where is the body?" growled Glautte.

"In the corner here, Sir," answered the clerk.

"Wheel me over that I may examine it," ordered the mayor, and he was accordingly wheeled over. The cloak was raised, and Glautte giving one glance at the body, and the ill favoured countenance growing out of it, called out, "Aye, aye, 'tis too true. Dead as a stone, strangled no doubt! Carry him off, and let the undertaker be sent for—for I perceive that corpse cannot keep long."

"That's just what I thought.—Do now like good fellows carry it away!" cried De Choufleur, addressing the attendants, and pressing the handkerchief still closer to his nose.

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Faussecopie, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," replied I.

"Good," answered he; "put that down" (to the clerk).

"Have you any witness to call?" addressing me again.

"Yes, one."

"Put that answer down," said Faussecopie to the clerk. Then turning to me again, "Prisoner! call your witness."

No sooner had I received this command, than I stepped nearer and stooped down to the sleeping victim, and though somewhat sorry to disturb him, I hallooed out with all my might into his ear, two or three shouts at my highest pitch. The necromantic spell that broke the rest of the sleeping beauty in the wood, could

not have had a finer effect. The dead man bounced upon his feet, opened his eye, and jumped up with a galvanic spring almost to the ceiling, like the last movement of one shot through the heart. Dismay and horror seized upon the spectators, Faussecopie and De Choufleur, with the clerk and the *wheeler* sprang from their seats, and rushed with frightful yells towards the little side door, knocking down chairs and tables, and completely upsetting old Glautte as they tumbled along. The witnesses screamed and rushed altogether towards the street entrance; while even the stout gens-d'armes, fellows that had braved many a battle's brunt, caught the infection, and burst out of of the room. The supposed corpse rushed after them, and no sooner did he present himself alive and well to the crowd without, than the affright of the multitude was complete, and the dispersion of the whole mass presented such a scene as may be imagined not told. But to all this most ludicrous bustle, the daughter formed

a beautiful contrast. No sooner was she assured that her father lived, than she flung herself round his neck, with no feeling but recovered happiness; and she clung to him, sobbing and crying with joy, in spite of all his astonished efforts to shake her off, and get an explanation of the scene.

The affair ended as may be supposed. Every one came, in a short time, to his senses. The court resumed its dignity; the tables and chairs and their occupiers were replaced in their proper positions; the crowd dispersed, an immense portion of it following home the drunken dog so miraculously snatched from the grave; and they pronounced the adventure, with one voice, as fit to be classed with the most wonderful of the "*Causes Célebres*."

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the confusion had fairly subsided and order was restored, Faussecopie intimated to me with many fawning civilities, that I was free to depart, and having received every assurance that I had no further molestation to fear, and even an offer of one of the gens-d'armes as an escort on my road, which I civilly refused, I was just preparing to quit the office, when I was arrested and literally fastened to the spot by the entrance of one of the loveliest creatures I had ever beheld, dressed in a plain but most becoming morning costume, and accompanied by an old man of short stature and spare form, but of an air and appearance most imposingly respectable. I need not say that I gazed on

Leonie and Mr. Suberville. Several persons came after them into the room, and as they placed themselves at the bar where he (as my readers know) had so long presided in magisterial dignity, I observed the odd-looking little old beau, (De Choufleur,) the superannuated Maire, (Glautte,) and the roguish adjoint, (Faussecopie,) all give symptoms of uneasiness, which were evident more or less according to their respective habits of mind. These symptoms, as well as the interest expressed in the countenances of the bystanders, convinced me there was something more than common going forward; and curiosity (a laudable quality in story tellers) determined me to see the issue of the affair. I accordingly got among the listeners, and after a little circumlocution and desultory talking among the parties, the hearing commenced.

The case was stated by Faussecopie, who, though virtually the judge in all the causes which came before that court, had always the cunning

to pay the greatest apparent deference to Glautte, and acted as occasion appeared to justify, as the advocate of whatever party might seem to require his aid. In the present instance he avowed himself as acting in that capacity for an injured gentleman, whose poignant feelings of anguish at the wrong he had suffered, quite disabled him from speaking in his own behalf; and to illustrate the touching picture he sketched of De Choufleur's sufferings, he pointed to him where he sat in a corner, his face covered with his pocket handkerchief, and his toe pointed so as to shew his leg in the most pathetic possible position. Having stated the whole progress of the natural affection, (as he called it,) even until the introduction of the heretical impostor, (to call him by no worse name,) into the bosom of Mr. Suberville's family, Faussecopie next began to produce his proofs of Leonie's encouragement of Hippolite's passion. Among these were to be reckoned the great intimacy with the family, the well-known approval of Mr. and

Madame Suberville, standing in the relations of father and mother to their adopted daughter; "but more strong than all these," exclaimed Faussecopie, with a tender whine, "are those gentle and delicate tokens which nothing but a melting sensibility could have presented as the reward of the most unshaken faith." With these words he produced a satin-wood casket, and from it he drew forth an elegant little silver thimble, a needle case, and the greater part of a white satin shoe.

At this exhibition an exclamation of astonishment burst from Leonie, and a loud laugh from every one else in the court except Faussecopie, De Choufleur, and Glautte. The latter, notwithstanding the fillip given him by my adventure, and which was renewed by the presence of Mr. Suberville, was beginning to shew the symptoms usually produced in him by Faussecopie's somnolent eloquence. The laugh roused him up, and he shook himself, exclaiming, "What's all this? Who dares to insult the

dignity of the court? Mr. Adjoint, what does this mean?"

Authority possesses so potent an influence, let it be lodged in beings however contemptible, that my readers must not be surprised at a profound silence having followed this magisterial explosion. And Faussecopie, finding he had the ear of the court, was resolved now to plunge from the precipice on which he saw he was standing, and at once dash from the keen edge of the ridiculous into the broad ocean of the sublime. He then deposited the "precious love tokens" in the satin-wood case; and prefacing his next measure by some severe and pointed observations, that really gave to the act an air of reality, he drew forth three letters, which he assured the Maire contained the warmest expressions of love, and that implied promise of marriage, which had induced the heart-broken Chevalier to claim his worship's protection, and appeal to the tribunals of his country for redress. These letters were addressed to De Choufleur, and

being opened by Faussecopie, and shewn to Mr. Suberville and Leonie, they produced an evident sensation, not only in them, but on all the spectators. "It is certainly her handwriting, I confess it," exclaimed Mr. Suberville. Leonie turned pale and trembled, not at the instant penetrating the plot which was thus laid for her. "Aye, but," said Faussecopie, "here is the misfortune. Those letters, written in English to escape detection by the parents of this false-hearted young lady, are inexplicable to the court except through the medium of herself or the worthy man she has so ill treated."

"Here is the Englishman," exclaimed several voices from those around me. "He can interpret them."

At this proposition Faussecopie gave a doubting glance at Hippolite, (who had grown bolder and flung aside his handkerchief,) as much as to say, "May we venture? Have you read them to me truly?" De Choufleur shewed a

face of great confidence, and I was invited to translate the letters. I consented readily, and began with the last of those which I have formerly transcribed for my readers.

Much interested as I had been for Leonie, and impressed as I was by the conviction that she never could have given the assumed encouragement to such a thing as Hippolite, I was certainly much staggered by the perusal of this epistle, acknowledged to be in her hand-writing. I, however puzzled by some parts of it, endeavoured to reconcile the difference of idiom and bad spelling, and proceeded to put it into French, according to the best of my conscience and abilities, as follows:—

"Nuit et jour, matin et après midi, mes pensées sont à toi. Dans l'Eglise ou à la promenade, dans les profondes mystères du sommeil, ou en plein jour, c'est toi, mon cher, qui es devant mes yeux."

"Yes, yes!" cried Hippolite, interrupting

me, "'tis that precisely, word for word! Oh, what a happy man I am, to have found so faithful a translator."

Faussecopie smiled, and every body stared with astonishment at these tender expressions of love, and no one more than Mr. Suberville.

After some time order was restored, and I went on.

"C'est toi, mon cher, qui es devant mes yeux la tête courbée par le hart ou je desire vivement d' être liée avec vous, sans meme la cérémonie d' être attachée par mes parens. Croyez-moi jusqu' à la mort la très jolie

"LEONIE."

I could scarcely finish this sentence intelligibly from the loud shouts of laughter that burst out, and in which Faussecopie, and even Glautte, seemed with difficulty to restrain themselves from joining. Hippolite started up and attempted to snatch the letter from my hand, vociferating that "I was a false and perjured interpreter, bribed by Suberville and the vil-

lainous George Wilson, native of London." The startling inconsistency of this accusation, compared with his praises of the moment before, looked so like guilt of some kind or other, that loud expressions of indignation were poured forth from the inflammable audience, and fifty voices demanded that I should go on with my translation. Faussecopie, determined to keep up a shew of justice, even by the sacrifice of his friend, whispered Glautte, who nodded assent, and I was commanded to proceed. I had now come to the postscript, and continued faithfully.

"Mon cousin Alfred fait la potence;" (here I was interrupted with peals louder than before,) "mais je me marierai avec vous quand mes désirs seront morts."

The uproar of laughter was here at its height; when Leonie, terrified and bewildered at the scene, sank on a chair and hid her face in Mr. Suberville's arms, while Hippolite, in a transport of fury, jumped up on the table, snatched the letter, and swore that what she meant to

write, was what my readers will recollect or refer to in Hippolite's translated explanation.

When he had finished, a dozen different voices cried out, "How do you know she meant to say all that?"—"Who put those sentiments into her pen?" And at this moment Leonie, as if struck by sudden conviction, started from her seat, and advancing towards the table, with an air something like inspiration, called out, "Oh, gentlemen, I now see it all! This is one of the old *exercises* the wretch used to dictate to me in the first days of his attendance, when I did not know a word of English! He pretended to burn them all, but I see he has basely preserved some—that is the whole truth of his infamy!"

However litigious may be the spirit of Normandy, there are no people in the world more alive to an act of base injustice than the worthy plaintiffs and defendants of that province—and these designations include on one occasion or another, the whole population. As soon then as

Leonie's honest-breathed explanation struck upon the ears of the listeners, a shout of indignation assailed De Choufleur. He was hooted off the table, and pursued with loud yells of disgust and reproach, as he slunk out of the private door, under cover of Faussecopie's protection. This instigator of the unfortunate Chevalier's attempt put the best face he could upon the matter, protesting that he was quite scandalized at having been the dupe of such an infamous design, and forswearing De Choufleur for ever. Glautte was wheeled off the scene, nearly insensible from the agitating accidents of the morning; and the court was dissolved.

Every one of the witnesses of this hurried and rather extraordinary scene offered themselves as a triumphant escort to Mr. Suberville and Leonie; but he prudently weighed the danger appearing as the leader of even a village tumult in opposition to the royalist party, and having at best little or no relish for popular applause, he declined the complimentary atten-

dance; and as the byestanders separated and quitted him in compliance with his wish (all throwing longing glances of admiration at Leonie) he addressed me, and professing himself deeply obliged by my services and attention on the trial, if I may so call it, he invited me to accompany him to his house and pass the day with him. As it has always been a maxim with me that people should accept every invitation that is well meant, and that does not clash with more material occupations, with a proper feeling of one's own little consequence, or with what one owes to that of others, this of Mr. Suberville not coming within any of those exceptions, I closed cheerfully with his proposal, and walked with him and Leonie straight to Le Vallon.

As my readers know the house better than I did at first sight, I shall not describe it; but I must delineate the scene which took place on our arrival. We were met on entering the hall by a fresh-looking lass, in a tight boddice, and stiffened cap, about half the height of her per-

son, whom any one of my readers would instantly have recognized for Lisette, whose face beamed with joy that even my presence could not repress. She called out "Ah, my dear Miss Leonie, who do you think has arrived?"

"*Who*, dear Lisette?" cried Leonie, turning as pale as the best burning wood-ashes, and immediately glowing as red as the selfsame sort of ashes when the fire is relighted.

"Who but Monsieur Alfred?" answered Lisette.

"No one else?" faltered Leonie; but before Lisette could reply, a fine-looking youth rushed out of the parlour and embraced Leonie most cordially. This youth was my readers' old acquaintance Alfred. I hope they will not look so dissatisfied as his cousin did, at not seeing any companion with him.

"All in good time," said he to Leonie's inquisitive and anxious glance—and I say the same to the reader.

"Now my dear Sir," continued Alfred ad-

dressing his uncle, "the negociation of rather a delicate business has fallen upon a great bungler; but I hope you will excuse my bad management for the sake of my good meaning. I am just going to introduce to you a gentleman with whose name you are familiar, but whose person is strange to you—Mr. George Wilson of London."

"Strange to us!" exclaimed Leonie with a delighted smile, as she followed Alfred with her eyes, while he entered a room at the right-hand of the hall, the common sitting room which we were entering, being to the left. He returned in a moment, leading in a tall, sallow looking, dark-haired man of about forty years of age, but not, I could plainly see, the person whom Leonie thought she was so sure of. This gentleman explained himself to Mr. Suberville, in an easy flow of sufficiently bad French, and apologized for having lent his name to an imposition, however innocent, but which he now appeared for the purpose of fully clearing up,

not only to Mr. Suberville and his family, but to all the world. This was all incomprehensible to *me*, but I shall tell things as they happened, supposing myself as wise then as I became afterwards, rather than confuse my readers by a detail of my cogitations and conjectures at the time.

Mr. Suberville and Leonie were civil but rather silent; but the strange Mr. Wilson soon roused them to attention, by begging they would permit the entrance of the person who had formerly usurped his name, assumed his appearance, and caused, by his frolic, such manifold annoyance to them.

"Oh, then, where, where is he? Why torture us so? Let him come in!" exclaimed Leonie.

The word *us* was amusingly placed for *me*, as my readers have no doubt observed; but all subterfuges of expression were rendered unnecessary by the outbursting (from a closet where he had been placed by Alfred) of that hand-

some young fellow whom my readers have, I hope, been longing to shake hands with once more.

I cannot attempt even to sketch the scene—the transports of the young man—the agitated delight of Leonie—the pleased astonishment of Mr. Suberville—the mixture of awkwardness and enjoyment which I myself felt—the friendly sympathy of Alfred and the real Mr. Wilson—the singing and dancing and crying of Lisette, in the style so common to all the warm-hearted kindly peasants of France—and to crown all, the ringing of bells, and thumping against the floor, which proceeded from the room above, occupied, as I afterwards found out, by the invalided Madame Suberville.

"This is really overwhelming," exclaimed Mr. Suberville. "It is almost too much—but it is certainly very like happiness. We must not, however, go too fast. I cannot doubt the sincerity of these emotions, Sir; but tell me, I

pray you, fully and frankly, who and what you are?"

"Who am I?" cried the young man—"ask yourself, my dear good Sir—ask *her!* Who am I, Leonie? Does not your heart tell you? Who could I be but Edward Mowbray, your affianced husband from infancy—not bound by legal promises, but united by the dearest of all ties, by sentiment and passion! Do you not recognize me, Sir? Look here then at these documents—these much-wished-for documents, whose want alone has kept me thus long in the tortures of suspense and suffering—but whose tardy arrival now repays me for all; establishing my identity, and giving me the sanction of a parent's consent to the only step which is now wanting to make me wild with joy!"—

"Hold, hold, Edward!" cried Mr. Wilson—"this is a serious moment."

"And am I not serious?" cried Mowbray,

taking Leonie's hand, and kissing it with rapturous expression.

The secret of a story (where there is one) once openly divulged, or the main point of interest detailed, I believe it is wise in the narrator to compress, and hurry over, and wind up the auxiliary matter as quickly as possible. I shall, therefore, with all due brevity, perform what remains of my task.

From Edward Mowbray's explanation, given with a most laudable rapidity, it appeared, that, from the first dawning of reason, he had felt precisely the same sentiment, but in a much stronger degree, towards Leonie, that she had indulged in towards him. His father encouraged it, for his views always were to establish Edward in some of the commercial ports of France; and from the strong impression made on him by Mr. Suberville, during his hurried visit, added of all he could collect of his character and circumstances, and his admiration of the child, he actually planned the future union

of the infant couple, and he fostered the notion in his son with a mingled paternal and commercial pertinacity. The notion went on, as we know, until the knowledge of Mr. Suberville's ruin; and Mr. Mowbray being a man of the world, bred in a counting house, and one of those really fond, but widely erring fathers, who can see no hope of happiness for their children, if it be not built on ingots of gold, felt it his duty to root out every thought from Edward's mind, that led towards the long-cherished object of his future views. To do this, with a youth of eighteen, was, we know, very difficult; and in the sequel, he found it to be impossible. Edward's temper possessed much of that impetuous obstinacy which is allied with many noble traits of disposition, and he felt to the bottom of his heart, those sentiments which he so briefly and forcibly uttered in the speech recorded just now. These sentiments born and nurtured in a spirit of romance, so natural to the high-minded native of a land of liberty, had gained

strength from opposition. Edward pleased himself with the notion of the singularity of his attachment; and he so long indulged himself in fancies concerning the little white creature that had been growing up with him, as it were, from childhood, that no real affection for a known object could have exceeded the strength which this acquired. To fix him more steadily to business, and flatter his pride, his father had put his name as a partner into the firm; but Edward, without being insensible to this great proof of confidence, or the advantages to be derived from it, always calculated the latter as half for himself, and half for Leonie; for he was resolved never to abandon his romantic attachment, while a rational hope remained for him to cling to. A first step towards his purpose was to learn French, and this he accomplished by means of an emigrant Parisian, with such ardent attention, that he became a complete adept in the language, and spoke it with great ease and good accent, in a couple of years.

One of the articles of his partnership with his father stipulated that he should, on reaching twenty-one years, proceed to France to establish himself in that country, as a correspondent branch of the main house at Philadelphia; but a very dangerous and prolonged illness, which about that time assailed his father, forced him to remain two years more in America. During all this while he resisted every temptation to abandon his boyish, and perhaps I may confess, his wild attachment; and none but Leonie, unknown, unseen, and perhaps lost to him for ever, by marriage, or even death—none other could make the slightest impression upon him. He was, however, extremely guarded with his father, and so completely, yet gradually, had he declined all mention of her, that, at the moment of his departure for France, the father rejoiced in the belief that he had lost all remains of his early fancy. But he was undeceived before the ship, which bore Edward away, had sailed out of sight of land; for a letter, written

by the latter, and left with a friend to be delivered to his father immediately after his departure, told him, in a strain at once dutiful, affectionate, and firm, that the chief impulse which induced him to quit his home for the first time, and to part with his only parent, was that leading hope of his life—which I need not here dilate on.

His earliest letter from England, where he first touched the soil of Europe, was to the same effect; and when he proceeded for Paris, early in 1816, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, one of the partners in a house intimately connected with that of Mowbray and Son, he most fully admitted that gentleman to his confidence. By his agency enquiries were made as to the state of Mr. Suberville's circumstances and situation, with particulars relative to Leonie, Alfred, De Choufleur, and the other persons less intimately connected with Le Vallon. Edward had thus acquired a fund of intelligence, and was devising with Wilson some plan for gaining admit-

tance to the family, when the advertisement in the newspapers caught their attention, and it was quickly agreed that Mowbray should make use of Wilson's name and passport, and disguise himself as he best might, for the support of his assumed character. The success of his stratagem has been detailed, and he was not a week under the roof with Leonie, before he wrote once more to his father, with a vehemence that carried every thing before it. Answers to his letters arrived, but not till he had quitted Mr. Suberville's house, and been more than a month at Paris, enclosing him, as he required, certificates of his baptism, and his father's formal consent to his marriage with Leonie, without which documents the celebration of the ceremony could not take place according to the French laws.

But even these papers did not allow of his immediate return to Le Vallon, for the representation made to the authorities subsequent to his flight, the suspicions attending on it, the persecution of Mr. Suberville, and the proceed-

ings, something very like outlawry, against Alfred, formed a host of difficulties which it required great perseverance, no small interest, and much time to overcome. All this may be well understood by those who have had occasion to struggle with the looseness, littleness, and sluggishness that clog the march of even small matters of French government. All, however, through the main exertions of Wilson and his connections, was finally arranged. The whole case was examined into by the prefect of the department, and such a host of circumstances came to light, corroborative of the misconduct of Faussecopie, and the incapacity of Glautte, that the order for Mr. Suberville's liberation, the exculpation of Alfred, and the pardon of Wilson and Mowbray for their infraction of the strict police regulation relative to passports, was followed by a deliberation on the propriety of dismissing the mayor, and the adjoint of the mayor of the commune known to me and my readers by the name of the Three Villages.

When Mowbray had finished his short recital, and the flurry of feeling and flutterings of heart which had agitated the party more or less, had subsided, the first measure of Wilson, Mowbray, and Alfred, was to go to the Mairie for the purpose of presenting themselves and their documents in all due form. They requested me to acompany them, along with Mr. Suberville, as a couple of credible witnesses might be necessary in their dealings with such a slippery personage as Faussecopie. When we reached the office, we saw Glautte sitting quite still in his chair, while François was pouring out some whispered reasoning in his ear. As we approached the deputy magistrate, he was evidently astonished; but recovering, in a second, his cool shrewdness of look, he examined the various papers, pronounced all to be right, expressed his happiness at the matter having terminated so satisfactorily; and was just beginning to read a moral lesson to Mowbray on the impropriety of his conduct, when the latter

abruptly begged him to save himself the trouble, and required him to regularly register the first formal announcement of Edward Mowbray's and Leonie Suberville's joint engagement of marriage, sanctioned by the consent of their respective parents in all the regular forms of law.

I hope I have not taken my readers by surprise, and that they will not consider this momentous affair too hastily decided on. In case any such qualms should arise, let me entreat them to recollect that the parties were intimately and daily known to each other for four months, and that the legal formalities required a delay of three weeks before that

"Consummation devoutly to be wished—"

time enough in all conscience for any couple who seriously intend to marry, and who have method enough in their madness to remember that most appropriate of adages, "delays are dangerous."

At this unexpected announcement Faussecopie positively changed colour; not that I mean to libel that heart's blood of the honest breast, which rushes blushingly through the frame, at every generous impulse, or modest agitation. Faussecopie's surface shewed no such colouring as this; but the bile of his constitution set all its bitterness afloat, and turned the yellow tinge of his cheek into a kind of tawny orange. He paused, faultered, took up his pen, laid it down again, opened his registry book, and after a shake of the head which seemed to settle his purpose, and having whispered a word or two to his superior, who nodded consent, he protested, that "however anxious he might be to give immediate attention to the natural wish of the amiable and respectable parties, his worship the Mayor felt bound to pause awhile, in consideration of the unsettled claims which another gentleman put forward to the hand of the young lady."

"Out on his filthy claim!" cried Mowbray,

striking the table with his clenched fist, "and dare you, as a magistrate, sit here to talk thus? Take care of yourself, Sir. And as to your principal yonder, who dozes while you act, neither he nor you are aware of the danger you are running, from the outraged justice of your country; nor see the naked sword which hangs suspended over your heads."

At these words, Glautte started up in his chair with surprising animation, cast his eyes upwards, and roared out lustily, "A naked sword! Treason, treason, murder! Jacques, Jacques, I say! Wheel me out, wheel me out of this den of thieves—my life is beset—the English are around me,—long live the King! Long live the Emperor!—Long live the Bourbons!—Long live the Republic! Oh, where am I, where am I! Oh, Oh!"

With these expressions, growing more faint at every fall, he sank back insensible in the chair: and while he was wheeled off, Fausse-copie made the required entry in proper order;

and that was the last act of official duty he ever performed.

Matters now hurried quickly on. Mowbray swore he would go straight to Hippolite, who he ascertained was at Faussecopie's apartment waiting for night-fall to skulk off to his sea-side retreat. We found it vain to oppose him, even had we wished it; but we thought it well to finish the affair. To Faussecopie's lodgings we accordingly went; and it was arranged that Mr. Wilson should enter first, and demand a formal recantation of the abusive paragraph inserted in the newspapers against his name, though not actually meant for him. We walked in the anti-room while he entered; and we could readily distinguish from poor Hippolite's faltering tone, as he replied to Wilson's demand, that he shook in every joint. Thinking, however, from Wilson's calmness, that he might venture to be stout, or something approaching to it, he refused any recantation, saying that he had no intention of injuring Mr. Wilson; but that he

would heap with the utmost odium, the villain who assumed his name and appearance, and who fled from the chastisement that he panted to inflict on him. At these words, Mowbray burst into the room, followed by Mr. Suberville and myself. When Hippolite saw him, he looked with incredible velocity right and left, as if he balanced whether to throw himself out of the window, or dart up the chimney; but Mowbray's rapid advance decided him to take a safer movement, and he betook himself to his old and favourite attitude of supplication. He threw himself on his knees and on Mowbray's mercy —and I need not dwell on the rest. He signed not only a full recantation of his aspersions on "George Wilson, native of London," but also an ample disavowal of all his claims on Leonie; he gave up the fabricated love-letters, as well as the "precious tokens," to use Faussecopie's phrase, on the possession of which, his assertions had also been founded: and to put a finishing-stroke to his meanness, he turned voluntary

approver against his accomplice Faussecopie; and being in the confessing vein, betrayed the whole secret of their clandestine tricks upon the Revenue.

Armed with these "brief," but very strong "authorities," we all retired; and Mr. Suberville was in the very act of declaring his intention of preparing a whole statement of Faussecopie's conduct to be forwarded to government, when a messenger met us in great haste, demanding the immediate presence of Mr. Suberville at the Mairie, where the prefect had just arrived for a special purpose, and where death, in his own proper person, was performing the same operation upon Doctor Glautte, which Doctor Glautte had so frequently performed (during his professional practice,) on many a poor patient.

We forthwith retraced our steps to the Mairie, and were received by the prefect, a venerable and respectable looking man, who advanced towards Mr. Suberville with a gracious and cor-

dial demeanour. He had received from government the final directions that Glautte and Faussecopie should be superseded if, upon minute enquiry, he was satisfied of their demerit; and he was ordered to proceed to the spot for the purpose of examining the affair, announcing their dismissal, if such should be his decision, and replacing them for the present by individuals of his choice, until definitive measures could be adopted. This being the fortunate moment to clinch the fate of Faussecopie, and his worthless superior, Mr. Suberville detailed his evidence with great clearness, and De Choufleur, summoned for the same purpose, deposed to his former confessions. The prefect was prompt in his proceedings. He called in Faussecopie, and announced to him in no measured or mincing phrase, his dismissal from the trust he had abused. Faussecopie endeavoured to reply, and in proof of his worthiness, betrayed the unhappy, and, as he thought, dying Doctor, by offering to produce his letter offering allegiance

to Napoleon during the hundred days, held back, as Faussecopie protested, only through his interference and fidelity to the Bourbons.

The prefect asked him for the letter, which he accordingly produced; but it could not escape the keen eye of Mr. Suberville, who examined it with the prefect, that two or three slight changes in phraseology were evidently in the hand writing of Faussecopie. Not recollecting these, which were done in an habitual movement, no doubt, as he first read Glautte's scrawl pen in hand, he was, probably for the first time in his life, taken off his guard, and he confessed the fact. But in reply to the prefect's demand why he failed to inform the government of the measure of which he avowed his disapproval, he replied that gratitude towards Glautte had been his motive for concealment. "Gratitude, base man!" exclaimed the indignant prefect, rising from his seat, "How durst you profane a name so sacred! No, it is too late—nothing can save you from well-merited disgrace. Retire

from my presence, and hold yourself ready to enter into the amplest account of your two years' conduct in the execution of the sacred office of magistracy, which, like our blessed religion, cannot suffer pollution from the vileness of its ministers."

"Monsieur le Préfet, hear me," cried Faussecopie in a canting tone, "revering as I do the throne and the altar"—

"Impious miscreant, away!" reiterated the prefect, "or you will force me to proclaim your baseness by calling in the arm of the police to rid me of your presence!"

The miserable culprit walked out, and, furnished with a passport signed by himself, he quitted the village that evening, and has never since, I hope, been heard of in its neighbourhood.

De Choufleur was stealing off by another door, near which he had been snuffling and crying during the whole of this touching scene, but the prefect stopped him by calling out

"Chevalier de Choufleur, listen! you have disgraced the order to which you belong;" (here Hippolite put the opposite flap of his coat over his red ribbon) "you have sullied your noble blood," (every drop of it rushed up into his face) "but your confessions may claim some indulgence. Unfortunately we have now no Bastille in existence, where a man of birth and situation might be quietly shut up and punished without publicly degrading his family and rank. You may therefore escape both punishment and exposure. I shall lay your case before the king. In the meantime retire to your residence, keep quiet, and repent."

"Oho! oho! oho!" sobbed Hippolite as he stole away; and that bitter tone was the last of his that I ever happened to hear. The prefect resolved to suspend all decisions on the affair of Glautte, as his death might save the necessity of his disgrace; but Glautte had not the least intention of dying. He certainly had a fresh paralytic stroke, and was subsequently replaced

by a new mayor, a respectable inhabitant of one of the villages; but for aught I know he still lingers on in his miserable dead-and-alive state, without exciting the least regret, and scarcely the least commiseration from the inhabitants.

CHAPTER XIV.

The three probationary weeks, between the legal public engagement and the union of the lovers, were passing rapidly over, and I heartily participated in the sunshine of enjoyment which was thrown around all; for even Madame Suberville had shaken off Hippolite, and was quite reconciled to his rival. I had dropped in, as it were, so aptly into the scene, that my presence seemed necessary to its completion, rather than an intrusion on the chief actors; and while they, on their parts, seemed pleased to consider me in the light of one of those casual pieces of good luck, familiarly called a God-send; I, in my old way, could not help getting deeply interested, and striving to be intimately informed in

the minutest details of their former lives. I do not think I can convict myself of having had the slightest intention of committing any of this to print at the time. How could I? for it never occurred to me to venture *myself* to the fiery ordeal of publication; but merely from an inquisitive turn in interesting matters, I strove to make myself master of all I could. The result was many a close conversation with such of the parties as were within my reach; and some facts relating to the others I had at second hand. But my great help was in the journal kept faithfully by Mr. Suberville, from his wedding day, in which was recorded (with a regularity and precision quite worthy the emulation of those who are prone to that method of catching folly as it flies, and pinning their insect observations to paper) almost all the leading particulars of my story. I always think it well to state the sources from whence my materials are drawn; and I hope my readers will approve of what appears to me a laudable desire for accuracy.

The castles, cottages, carriages and other constructions, which were built in the air during a fortnight, were very delightful, and fit to be occupied by such enthusiasts as Edward and Leonie. But they were every one shaken to their foundations one morning, by the westerly wind, which blew a gallant vessel into one of the French ports, with a letter for Mowbray, direct from Philadelphia. The plans of the lovers had been hitherto all along running on the happiness of being settled, and established finally at Rouen, in completion of Mr. Mowbray's plans, with Le Vallon for their country house, laid out and decorated according to their own tastes, and Mr. and Madame Suberville passing with them tranquilly the remainder of their days—I had written *years*, but it is better to count in the coin most likely to be within the reckoning of mortality. Both the old and the young couple were well pleased with these plans, and it never occurred to them that their arrangements were subject to the

chance and change which hover over human projects.

This letter was from the elder Mr. Mowbray, and it stated in substance, that since he wrote last, he had experienced a severe though not dangerous return of illness. That under those circumstances he found himself utterly unable to cope with the perilous cares of business, unaided by the presence of his son. That he considered it essential to abandon for the present, the scheme of transplanting the old trunk of their prosperity, to a new soil; for as to carrying on both establishments, he pronounced it impossible. He spoke of the hope of seeing his son again, with his beauteous bride. He finally prayed him to get married as quick as possible; hoped his letter would arive in sufficient time to bear his blessing as their accompaniment to the altar, and begged that instantly after they were united, they would embark in the first ship sailing from Havre, and remove all his doubts and fears of their compliance with what he would not call a

command, knowing that in giving it the form of a request, he ensured its amplest and most immediate fulfilment.

This caused great and sudden grief to all the parties except Edward, and even he felt strongly for the unhappiness about to be inflicted on Mr. Suberville and his wife. Madame wept plenteously on this occasion, but Mr. Suberville smothered all appearance of emotion, and was the first to say to Leonie and Edward, "You must go." I was present at this scene, and I was certainly astonished at his apparent indifference; but I found afterwards that his feelings resembled flints, which, though possessing coldness and hardness more than common, yet, when struck upon by the proper metal, send forth sparks of a brighter flame than softer substances may emit.

To get fast to the end of my story, Leonie and Edward were married; and, a week afterwards, having taken leave of Madame Suberville, who was cheated into a belief that they

were soon again to return, they set off for Havre to embark for Philadelphia, accompanied by Lisette, who would not abandon Leonie, and escorted to the sea side by Mr. Suberville, Alfred, and myself, Mr. Wilson having some days before set out for England.

Our short journey was truly melancholy. I may be well supposed to have been the person least affected, but I really could not witness the scene unmoved. Alfred seemed deeply to regret the loss of his dear cousin Leonie, and his valued friend Mowbray; but there was a manliness in his honest sorrow that kept him up. Mowbray himself, with all his happiness, felt as if a heavy cloud were passing between him and the bright rays he had been basking in. Lisette was blubbering without any respite. Leonie sat beside Mr. Suberville, with his hands between hers, and the big tears rolling down her cheeks in continuous drops. He spake not, nor did he weep—then; but sighs that seemed almost to choke him, burst unceasingly from the

old man's breast. In this way we went on wearily, and at the close of the day we reached Havre. The town was in a great bustle, and almost all the inns quite full. For five weeks a constant wind had been blowing directly into the harbour, totally preventing the departure of any one of the many ships that had been gathering both during and before that period. One hundred and fifty sail were thus weather-bound, and many a prayer was daily sent up by the pious, and many a curse muttered downwards by the profligate expectants of a change; the one party invoking a favorable breeze, and the other execrating its delay.

On the evening of our arrival there was a more than ordinary sensation excited, in consequence of some symptoms which pretty certainly announced a change of wind. Many re-embarkations took place, and the ships and the inns were mutually in a bustle. We got bad accommodations with much difficulty; and the night passed over heavily enough. When morning

dawned all was in motion, for the wind had really shifted to a favorable point, and every hand in the numerous fleet was employed in making ready for the turn of the tide, which was to take place at nine o'clock. During this period the quay was a scene of indescribable confusion. What with loading of baggage, pulling of ropes, weighing of anchors, bending of sails, shouting on board the ships, and answering uproar from the porters, boatmen and sailors on shore, and passengers hurriedly embarking, one might have thought it impossible that all these elements of disorder could ever subside into a calm; and it seemed full as difficult that feeling and sentiment should in such a scene find space or leisure for expression. Yet during this bustling interval what scenes of heartfelt sorrow did I see displayed, from objects that seemed to stand isolated and unobserved by all the rest, who each followed the impulse of their own emotions, unnoticed in their turns.

It is needless to dwell here on the painful pic-

ture represented by the mass of mourners, who threw such a shade of sorrow over the otherwise animated scene. But of all the groups of wretchedness which caught my view, none possessed for me such acute interest as was naturally excited by the observation of Mr. Superville and Leonie. All the tenderness of her heart was called forth. All other feelings seemed swallowed up in her grief at parting with her benefactor, her protector, her more than father; she clung to him weeping, while her husband busied himself in embarking all their effects, and in consoling Lisette, who sat sobbing on the deck. But Mr. Suberville was the principal object of attraction. For Leonie's grief had a certain solace in the buoyancy of young delight, in the varied scenes of life just opening on her view, and above all in the ardent love of the partner who was to tread those scenes with her. For Mr. Suberville there was no hope to cheer him up after this sad hour. No youth, no change, no children to revive the spirit of early life, and hold forth a promised

charm for its decline. Blank and desolate, all that the world contained of brightness or joy seemed now receding from him, and the pitiless tide that just began to flow away, was like some remorseless monster about to carry off the stay and solace of his old age. He felt all this, I am sure, for he looked it; and while he clasped his arms convulsively round Leonie's neck, I saw him weep, as if he had been all his life a weeper, although he never perhaps had had a wet eye before that wretched day.

This was not to last longer. Mowbray had taken his manly farewell of us all, Leonie had given me her graceful and friendly adieu, and had warmly embraced Alfred whom she loved so well; but she still stood clasped in the arms that had so oft embraced her, but never as they did now. The sails were all set, the crew in their various positions, the master at the helm; repeated calls, unattended to by the afflicted Suberville, who was losing his all, and the scarce less wretched Leonie, who forgot that

she had aught left beside, resounded in the air, and the ship was swinging from the last cable that held it to the pier, when Mowbray leaped on the quay once more, and snatching his wife from the arms that were entwined round her, sprang with her again on board, and Mr. Suberville sunk almost exhausted into Alfred's arms and mine. In a moment more the ship was under sail, and we supported the old man unresistingly back to the inn.

It is not for me to pourtray his after feelings. Each reader will judge of them perhaps (bad as is the rule) by those which would have actuated himself. For my part I was convinced at the time, that the blow had struck too strongly on his heart ever to be recovered, and deeply commiserating his woe, I could not continue its observation. All my own arrangements for quitting the place having been completed, I bade farewell to the poor sufferer, for such indeed he was, and after a hearty and friendly leave-taking with Alfred, I threw my

knapsack across my shoulders, took my gun under my arm, called Ranger to my heel, and walked away from the place. As I passed over the ground so lately the scene of such animation, there was scarcely a living object perceivable. The whole population seemed to have crowded towards the pier, following as far as they could that multitude of gallant vessels going rapidly before the wind. Four or five lately arrived barks lay lubberlike in the docks, but not so much as a streamer fluttered from them to speak them "things of life." I hurried seawards, but not by the common track, for I needed silence, if not solitude; and I mounted the steep ascent which rises above the town, and straggled across the hills that overlook the ocean, towards the lovely glen in which the village of Ardaisse reposes.

When I reached the topmost level, and threw down my unobstructed gaze upon the broad ocean, I beheld a glorious view indeed. The azure expanse was as smooth as glass. Not a wrinkle was visible on its serene face, which

looked as we might fancifully suppose it to have appeared in the first hour of its creation, in the early innocence of the world, ere its surface was heaved up into boisterous waves, or sullied by the wrecks and wretchedness which the winds and the earth sent over it. Widely spread upon this liquid plain was the majestic fleet, the white sails looking like a watery encampment; for where I stood no motion was visible in the ships, nor was their progress to be distinguished on the vast surface where they seemed to stand. They nevertheless moved on, and while they pursued their steady yet imperceptible career, I threw myself on the sheltered bank of scanty herbage. There I lay for hours musing on the scene, fanned by a soft breeze, which felt like the touch of velvet; listening to the murmur of the tide, that seemed like the rippling lisp of its earliest voice; and watching the white-wreathed waves, which sank so softly on the sand, that they appeared like snow-flakes melting into its moistened breast.

Little by little the fleet was dissolving from my gaze; yet the confused and shadowy forms of the ships were all the while visible, but they seemed to die away from my sight, as a flight of wild swans which the observer follows in the heavens, till he can only mark their fading forms like the fragments of dim and distant clouds. Without wholly forgetting the more peculiar objects of my interest, Mowbray and Leonie, vanishing thus away, my mind took a range for whose locality not even the wide extent before me was enough. It wandered far across the ocean, to rest on those distant shores where Edward and his young bride were going to pass long years of love and joy; and I thought of the many men who in that very fleet were abandoning their native Europe, to dare the perilous trials of Transatlantic life. I imagined those adventurers in their youthful enthusiasm, giving up every tie of nature, the whole earth before them "where to choose"—not a resting-place—for a young and ardent

mind has no right to dream of indolence and dignify it with the name of repose—but whereon to plant the foot of enterprize and raise the arm of independence. I ran over all my old reasoning on this serious subject, and exclaimed to myself as I stood on the heights of Ardaisse, "No, let others seek in the New World to realize the hopes of their ambition; but let him who feels possessed of industry, integrity, and even common powers of mind, who can battle with the heartlessness of men in their general relations with each other, and value the warm worth of individual regard; who can bear up against the disappointments incident to human life in every clime and country, the false promises of the great, the faint praises of the little—let such a man grapple bravely with that magnificent monster, the civilized world, and he will find enough of honor, faith, and goodness, to cheer him in his struggle, and amply repay him for all his pains."

These opinions did not, however, suit with Alfred Suberville's turn of thought. He panted

for America, and felt Europe too narrow for the free breathing of his mind. He gave uninterrupted and tender attention to his uncle, and to his aunt as well, during her lifetime, which terminated about two years after Leonie's departure. Mr. Suberville then at last yielded to the arguments of his nephew, the pressing solicitations of Mowbray and Leonie, and the secret wishes of his heart; and seeing his beloved country rapidly sinking back under new influences, to that state which all liberal men had hoped was never to return, he converted his little property into cash, and sought in the arms of his long-loved Leonie a pillow for his old age, and in the soil of a free country a resting-place for his bones.

Edward Mowbray and his wife were received by his father with the warmth of an affection that only ceased with life. His complaint had taken a serious turn, and after some lingering months of mixed enjoyment and suffering he died, leaving all his fortune to his son. It was

then that renewed attempts were made by Edward and Leonie to induce Mr. Suberville to join them with Alfred. He did so; and Mowbray, abandoning trade for ever, and indulging a long-cherished desire of more expanded pursuits, retired far from the bustling scenes of life, and has been for some time the proprietor of whole tracts of country on the fertile shores of the Mississippi. There, with his beloved Leonie, the venerable Suberville, the warm-hearted Alfred, and a rising family of children, he already marks the realization of his proud thoughts. He sees himself the founder of a race which may yet spread far across the west, and look back to him in after-generations, with the dim yet powerful reverence which men give to the earliest recorded source of their mingled misery and joy.

THE END.

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